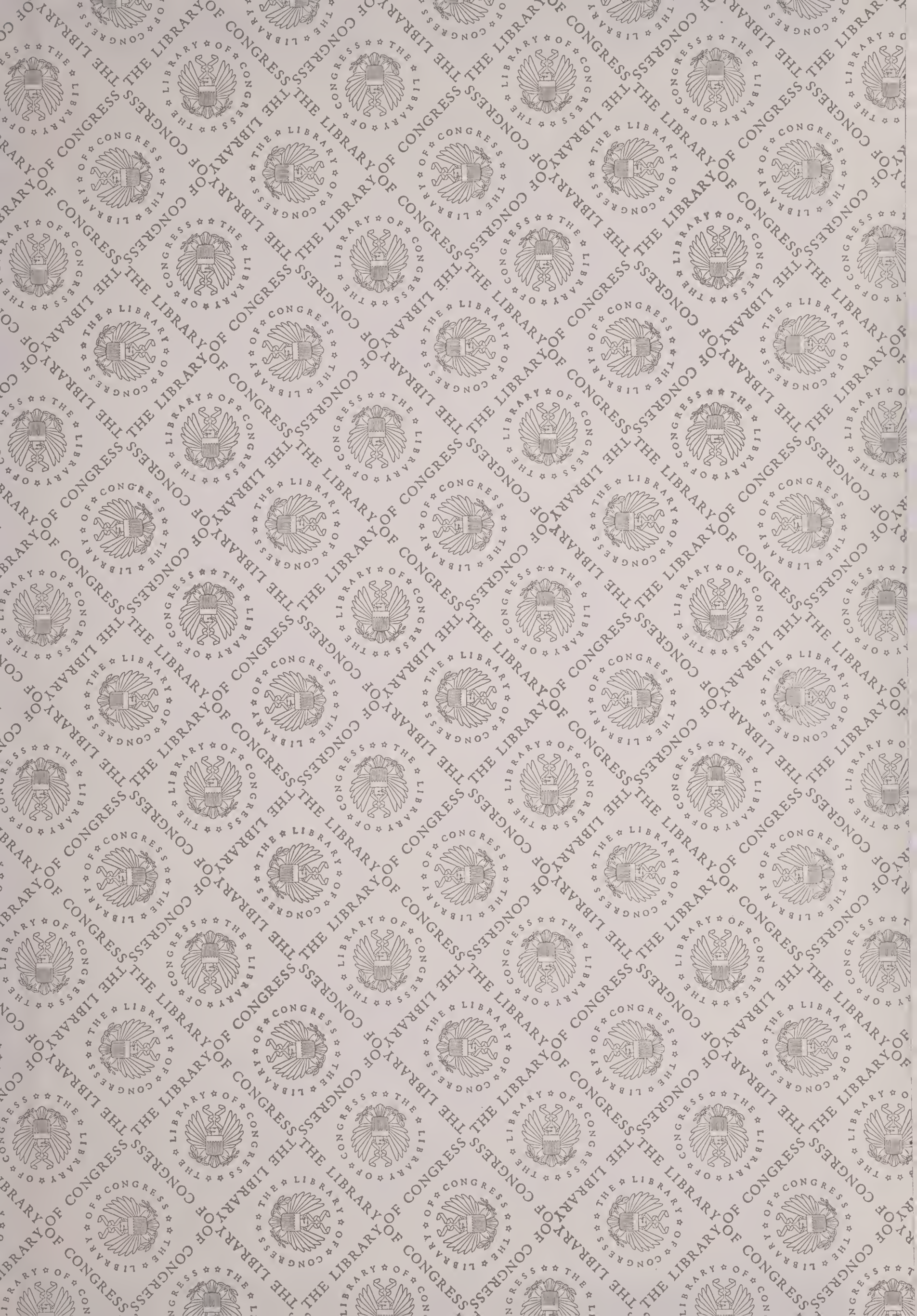
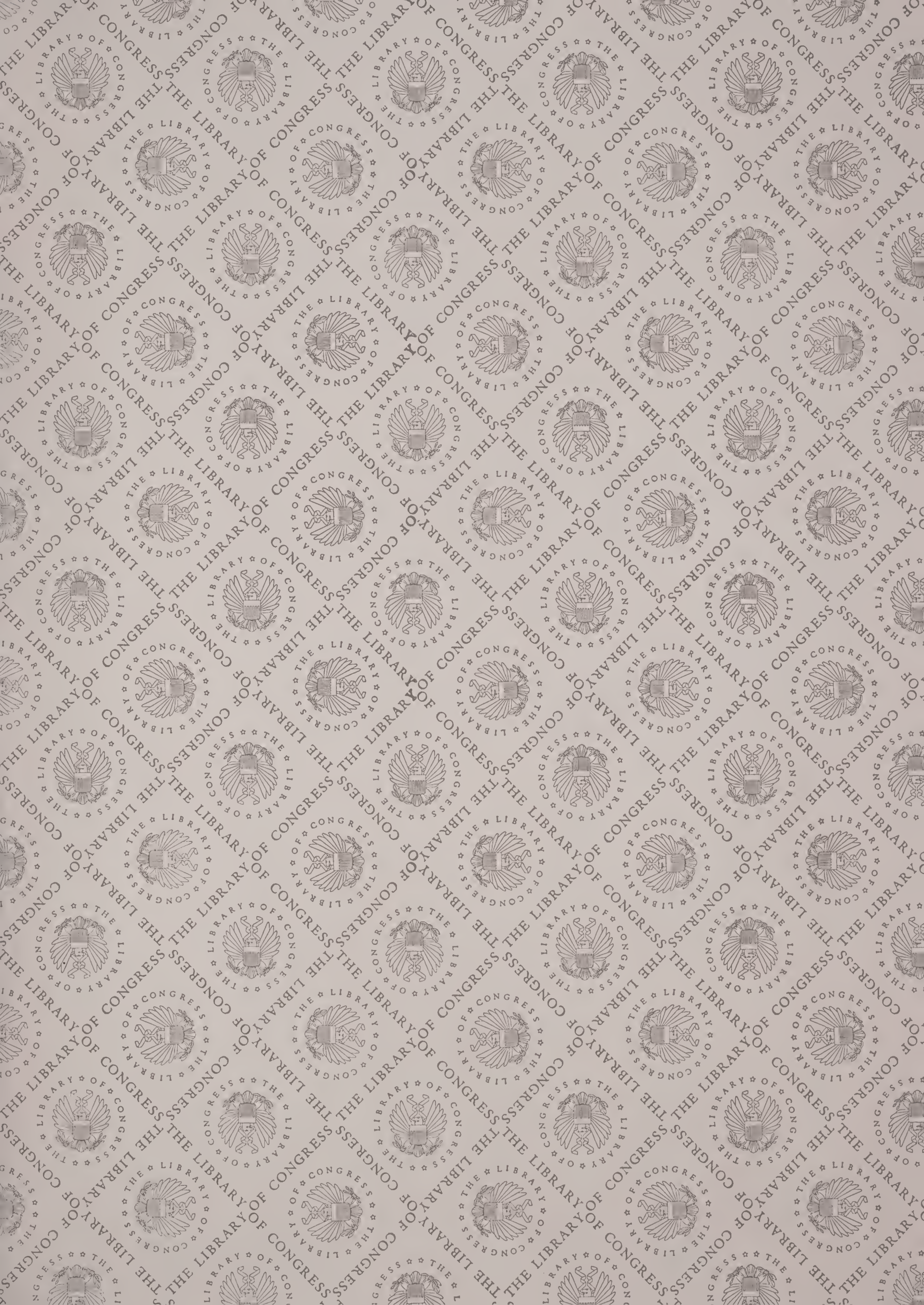


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ANNALS

OF

PIONEER SETTLERS

ON THE



WHITEWATER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES,

IN THE VICINITY OF RICHMOND, IND.,

FROM 1804 TO 1830

BY A NATIVE

RICHMOND, IND.

PRESS OF THE TELEGRAM PRINTING COMPANY.

1875

ANNALS
of
PIONEER SETTLERS
on the
Whitewater and its Tributaries,
In The Vicinity of Richmond, Indiana,
From 1804 To 1830
By A Native.

* * * * *

This historical sketch was published anonymously. The writer of the account was later identified as John Macamy Wasson who was born in Wayne County, Indiana in 1810. He was the son of Archibald and Elizabeth Wasson who were early settlers. They were members of the Society of Friends.

W. H.

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INTRODUCTION

It may be proper to state that the author of this little work, which is here presented to the public, is a native of the valleys of Whitewater in Eastern Indiana, of which it is a sketch, and was a witness of most of the scenes and incidents related. Having a desire that there should be a history of these valleys and the founding of Richmond (now a thriving city) to be transferred to future generations, before all the actors of the scenes pass away, several years ago the writer prepared many sketches of "ye olden times," some of which here appear with additions and revisions; but circumstances were such as to prevent the publication of them till the present date. In the meantime a portion of these collections were contributed to the late history of Wayne County; yet owing to the limited space in that work allotted to each township, much of these early reminiscences of the settling of the Whitewaters in Wayne township and Richmond were omitted in the county history. This is the apology for offering them in the form here presented, most of which are original, and have not heretofore been published. And it is now to be regretted that they are to appear in so limited a work as this. Much historical matter of men and things, had necessarily to be circumscribed, that otherwise might have been more interesting than what here appears. It is not without some diffidence and embarrassment that I assume to publish these sketches, it being my maiden production as an author; being aware--

"That he that writes,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites,
His judges than his friends; there is not a guest
But will find something wanting or ill dressed."

The quaint and racy criticisms of men and things interspersed through the work, are not intended to be construed as sarcasms upon those referred to; having no friends to reward or enemies to punish, entertaining malice to none, but good will to all. To those who have advertised their business in its pages, I return my thanks, and may their shadows and business never grow less. During the dark hour of despair after the arduous labor to prepare the work for the press,--perhaps owing to the one thing needful--I was repulsed by the world's friendship; but counsel and influence came to the rescue, for which I specially return my most sincere thanks. The reader will perceive a lapse of a half century when, seemingly awoke to consciousness, Rip Van Winkle-like related what I saw of Richmond as it now is.

Lastly, but not the least feature of the work, is its superior mechanical execution by the Telegram Printing Company, of Richmond.

May 23, 1875.

THE AUTHOR.

PIONEER ANNALS

Seventy years ago all these valleys and table-lands of the Whitewaters were a dense forest, where the bear, the wolf, the panther, brushed their trunks. The agile deer browsed at their feet. The pioneer hunter crept stealthily about; the painted braves passed noiselessly on the war path beneath their shade; how many herds of wild beasts have chased each other through yon wood, and left their bones to bleach, there is none left to tell. But we have a record to tell us of the first white man, who first saw this sequestered valley. While towns were on the St. Lawrence and the seaboard, this inland region lay unexplored. Long after trading houses had been opened and fields tilled and battles fought, these meandering streams that course their way through our fertile valleys in Wayne county were embodied in a forest, until after the revolution, when the white man came to plant him a home; it was then the great change began. When I was but a youth I remember how much pleasure it appeared to give early pioneers, when Richmond was but a small village of a few hundred inhabitants, to sit on the corners of Front and Main streets on dry goods boxes and relate to each other incidents and reminiscences of their early coming, and recount the many disadvantages and privations necessarily attendant upon the settling of a new country. But to-day there are few if any of these first pioneers among us; their places here are known no more, save in history.

It was in 1804 that the first discovery of the Whitewater territory was made by Judge Peter Fleming and Joseph Wasson, a revolutionary soldier, both from the State of Kentucky, and the first entry of land was made near the State line dividing the State of Ohio from the Indian territory. Prior to that date the Indians and the wild beasts of the forest roamed unmolested, and the country was known in history as the Indian Territory. About two miles south of where Richmond now is, was the first settlement, comprising the families of the Holmans, Rues, McCoys, and others, all Kentuckians, with partially grown families. The early life of Holman was somewhat romantic in its character. In the early settling of Kentucky, he being in his youth was captured by the Indians, and remained a prisoner among them about seven years; he had many thrilling incidents to relate of his experience while in his captivity. At one time, upon refusing to bear a burden ordered by the squaws, a council of these savages was held concerning it; the decision was that an equal number of Indian men and squaws were to form a file and these were armed with bows and arrows, clubs and other missiles, and he was made to run the gauntlet between them. He came through unhurt. It was supposed those untutored savages screened him from harm, or saved his life, owing to his extreme youth. Holman resided on the land he settled upon till his death in 1850, at an advanced age. He was a man of considerable notoriety in the county, a period of near a half century. Richard Rue and the others lived on the lands they selected until their decease. Rue was the first justice of the peace in the territory. A little lower down the stream of Whitewater, Hugh Cull settled near the mouth of a small stream, a tributary to Whitewater, called Elkhorn (a name given by elkhorns being early found near the stream). Cull resided at this romantic spot until his death, living to be one hundred and five years old, near fifty years a resident in Wayne county. He was a useful and respected citizen, and for many years a

Methodist preacher. Still further down the stream Shadrick Henderson entered several hundred acres of land and settled and was supposed to have erected the first saw mill in the territory in the present limits of Wayne township. The Lambs and others soon after settled near by, mostly from the State of Kentucky. James P. Burgess, a survivor, settled near by, where he has lived over half a century, in the enjoyment of unimpaired health, and is a good citizen. In this connection, I might here continue to notice other early settlers further, in what is now Abington township, as the Hunts, Whiteheads, Smelsers, Endsleys, and others. Some of these yet survive and remain on the lands first settled upon by their fathers, and are now themselves quite old settlers. Several of these have held important offices since the territory became a State and Wayne county formed; but space will prevent an extended history in that direction in this little brief sketch. For a general history of Wayne county I refer the reader to a late history of the county.

From this point permit me to pass up Whitewater to a spot on the west side of one of the tributaries known as the Middle Fork of Whitewater, about one mile and a half north-east of where Richmond now is. A young man by the name of David Hoover started in company with a few others, his seniors, from his father's temporary home on the Miamies in Ohio in the spring of 1806. In a subsequent memoir of this young man, written in a ripe old age, he informs us of his having some knowledge of the art of surveying, which no doubt enabled him to follow section lines over a tract of country comparatively a wilderness, forty or fifty miles west to the place designated, where they seemed to fancy they had found the Canaan they were seeking, Young Hoover's father had a short time previous emigrated from North Carolina to where he had stopped, on the Miamis, until he could select his future home for himself and large family. The parents of this young discoverer were of German descent and originally from the State of Pennsylvania, but early emigrated to the Carolinas, and were of the Society of Friends. David Hoover, the son, was supposed to be the first white man that set foot on the banks of the Middle Fork stream, north of Richmond. This little band of adventurers after reconnoitering discovered many natural advantages among which was the gushing springs of cold, sparkling water, issuing from either bank of the stream, also future mill seats and inexhaustable quarries of lime-stone and gravel, and the land being extremely fertile and rich, they concluded they would explore the West no further. They took up their march from that spot following the course of the stream on the west bank. It is not improbable they discovered an impassable swamp immediately north of Richmond that could not be crossed on horseback. A few subsequent years after, not a few of the early settlers' cows would get swamped there. On one occasion when Judge Fleming, above alluded to, was hunting his cows on horseback, in attempting to ride in after them mired his horse down. He being corpulent rolled off his horse, and with some difficulty he extricated himself and horse upon terra firma, but discovered he had lost his English silver watch; he never recovered it. In their course down the stream some mile and a half, they found traps set by some friendly Indians near the west bank of Whitewater proper, near the present railroad bridge. These Indians they found could speak broken English and learned from them that white men lived a little way down. They continued their course through a dense forest a short distance, when they crossed the stream. Passing a little

further south they found there early settlers as previously described, where they were hospitably entertained and learned of them something of the geography of the country. From this pioneer colony of early settlers Hoover and his comrades steered their course back to the settlement on the Miamies, taking a somewhat different route from that on coming, passing through a site staked off among the beech trees for the town of Eaton, and reached home in safety, and reported of finding the "promised land." Upon this favorable report, the Hoover family the same year, 1806, came to Whitewater territory, and selected several hundred acres of choice land in the vicinity which had been discovered. The father, having several grown sons, all of whom as they married, settled them around him. David being the eldest, after taking a wife before coming, chose the land he first set his foot on as his portion, and erected a log cabin near the west bluff of Middle Fork, in 1807, and commenced housekeeping. It may be well to note here that he made this his first and last home during the remainder of his life, a period of fifty-seven years. It shall be my purpose in the future of these sketches to refer to him as forming a link in the chain that connects the history of the early settlements of the Whitewaters.

At the above date I propose to note the emigration to the Territory of a religious sect commonly designated Quakers, but more properly the Society of Friends. As the Hoover family were of this persuasion and the first to emigrate, the probability may have been that the Society of Friends would not have had the honor of being proprietors of the lands on which the city of Richmond now stands and of receiving the name she bears, had young Hoover failed to have discovered the location he did. I believe the Judge claimed in his late memoirs a little credit as being a kind of John the Baptist or fore-runner for the Friends to prepare a place for them in the wilderness for their future greatness.

Jeremiah Cox and John Smith wended their way from a land of slavery to seek their homes and fortunes in territories freed from this blighting evil. By accident or otherwise they were attracted to the Whitewaters and each procured lands principally on the east side of Whitewater stream where Richmond now is. Smith's lands all lay south of now Main street. Smith cleared a patch of ground near the east bluff and erected a rude log cabin, Cox purchasing of one Woodkirk who previously bought of John Meek. Woodkirk having made a small clearing of four acres and planted it in corn, Cox paid him a consideration for his improvement.

Emigration had now become a fixed fact. The spirit of emigration had become rife in the Southern States; the Society of Friends who had settled in those States when a new country, had prior to that absolved themselves from holding in physical slavery the African race, but in the course of human events a union of all the States was effected and a constitution formed for all, permitting those Southern States the right to hold human beings as goods and chattles; hence the desire of the Friends to migrate to a land freed from the recognition of slavery. It has been a notable fact with those acquainted with the peculiar traits of the Friends, that wherever a colony of them locate in the West, others of the same persuasion will flock to them from South as well as East, until a permanent settlement is effected. Soon after those families became settled others from the Carolinas began to arrive. The earliest were the Hawkins, Hills, Morrows, Wrights, Charles, Gilberts, Burgesses, Stewarts, Evans, Bonds, &c. All the above were

from the Carolinas. The places they came from became almost stereotyped phrases; when being asked where they came from the general answer was "Guilford county, near Clemmens' store" or "Beard's Hatter Shop," "Dobson's Cross-roads" or "Deep-river Settlement of Friends." The heads of these families were generally of middle life and robust as well as their worthy matrons and mothers, who seemed to be adapted to the privations and hardships they were to encounter in frontier life, for at that date it was considered the extreme border of civilization. No settlements were known in any part of the territory except at Vincennes. In addition to the above families I might notice others not mentioned, as the Flemings, Wassons, Irelands, Maxwells, Purviances and others, chiefly Kentuckians, and of other religious persuasions.

It was but natural that ways and means should be devised to supply the temporal wants of those new comers; means whereby they could procure bread-stuff were the first in consideration. Some at first had to perform a pilgrimage to the older settlements on the Miami streams in Ohio to buy and get their grain ground. A very interesting and amusing account is related of a trip of the eldest son of Cox who was quite young, in company with his Uncle James Morrisson. Young Cox is still living at the penning of these lines, aged over four score years. A few years ago he wrote out a graphic account of their mill trip, which was read at an Old Settler's meeting in Wayne county, and recently was published in one of our weekly newspapers; hence I will omit the recital of it in this connection. Jeremiah Cox, Sen., saw the necessity of erecting a mill on his lands on White-water; that rude mill stood a short distance south of the present National bridge; the precise spot was probably near the middle of the present bed of the White-water. This mill had at first but one pair of mill stones, procured from the banks of the stream, which no doubt served the purpose at that day well enough; and perhaps they did not complain half as much as at this day about the quality of the flour. I omitted to mention that one Charles Hunt had a small mill, perhaps a little prior to the erection of Cox's, at the mouth or Elkhorn, that served to crack corn for the lower settlement. It was said the hopper was covered with clapboards.

Perhaps some who read these sketches may not have learned that their ancestors dined on pounded hominy from corn, and also may be curious to know how it was made. It was simply to burn a concave hole in the end of a log, and set it on end, soak the corn in lye and put it in the mortar, pound it by hand with a wooden pestle until the hull is loosened, and then put the pounded corn in water to separate the hulls, &c. But a very early settler down White-water invented a hominy mill. It was on this wise: he had on his place a running branch of water in which was a perpendicular fall of some eight or ten feet; he made a rude water-wheel, attached a crank, placing as aforementioned an upright log with basin-like burnt hole, attaching a pestle to the crank of the wheel; the pestle would work up and down on the corn. The economical farmer would, after placing the corn by walking up on a temporary platform, leave it to attend to other pursuits, when his mill would pound away for his neighbors, taking care to take toll. But unfortunately his enterprise was somewhat suddenly terminated one day when off on duty. He had a flock of sheep ranging around the mill; the bell-weather had become familiar with it, and seeing the old man packing corn up to the mortar and leaving, bell-weather ventured to look after the corn; arriving

in safety at the mortar he plunged his head in after the corn, but his delay in gobbling a mouth full proved fatal, for the pestle struck him on the back of the head toppling him over down the precipice. The rest of the flock seeing the way clear one by one walked up, each one receiving a similar blow, and tumbled all in a pile down below.

A very early settler has recently informed the writer when he was a boy, in 1811, he saw Cox riding down a cow path road from his house where North Front street now is, carrying before him on his old Carolina bay horse a bunch of straw to stop craw-fish holes in his mill dam. Another relates that he saw him wearing very wide-legged pantaloons; when he had occasion to wade in the dam to stop holes he would draw up the legs of his pants into his pockets. In the mean time Smith, to supply the wants of the early comers, procured store goods, and tradition says he brought his first stock of goods on horseback from Cincinnati, and had his first store in a buckeye log cabin near Wiggins' tan yard. It was said that one night the Indians threw off the clapboard roof and stole some of his goods. Smith had subsequently traded some with the Indians; perhaps he was not much the loser if they did steal from him. Smith had the reputation of being a shrewd trader, selling a great many articles and yards for a quarter of a dollar and "phippenny bit." He remarked to a friend when he was an old man, smiling, that the famous Tecumseh owed him a coon skin, but he supposed it was his little unpleasantness with Uncle Sam that prevented his paying it.

In 1811, Smith built the first brick house in the territory of which this is a sketch of. Jeremiah Hadley, a son-in-law, owns and resides in the house. Smith had his store a short time in this house; afterwards had it on the west side of Front street near the public square. A common dirt road at that date ran from the east through Smith's land, now south of Main street, passing by his store and dwelling, down the bluff diagonally, crossing Whitewater and ascending the bluff in a similar manner, on to Salisbury then the county seat of Wayne. Smith being a man in middle life and possessing some sagacity and business tact and forethought, conceived the project that his land and partially opened farm would make a good site for a town. Previous to 1816 he sold some lots on Front street, south, to new comers, and frame houses were built and families successively lived. Some of these houses stood the thief of time over a half century, till they were removed recently to make vacant the court house grounds.

In 1810 Robert Morrisson, who subsequently became identified and interwoven with the history of Richmond, arrived direct from North Carolina, and stopped with his brother-in-law Cox, and lodged the first winter in an out-house or cabin. In the following year he purchased a tract of land about six miles north of Richmond, where he remained a few years and made some improvements as a farmer. In connection with this he was a wolf-trapper. A surviving old settler relates some adventures of Morrisson's enterprise in trapping. He says, himself, with a brother-in-law of Morrisson, visited Morrisson at his residence. He proposed to go along with him to look after his traps a few miles east of his home. On coming to one of his traps they found a large wolf in it, when Morrisson began to devise ways and means to capture the wolf alive that he might have sport with it and his dogs, suggesting to ham-string him, &c.; but while he was preparing to do so, Turner, his brother-in-law, picked up an axe, and with a well-aimed blow between the cracks of the trap dispatched him at once, saying, "by blood, I'll kill the wratched varment." But it is said Morrisson did, some time after capture a wolf and have fun with his dogs. If any one will take the trouble to search the archives of our county's earliest records he will find Robert Morrisson credited with wolf

scalps.

In the year 1814, Morrisson sold his farm to a new comer for about eight hundred dollars. After reconnoitering for a new home and business, he found his contemporary friend, Smith, in the mercantile trade without competition nearer than Vanausdal in Eaton, Ohio, consequently his custom and trade was extensive, and it was not unlikely his trade was as profitable as some merchants of the present day. Morrisson rented or procured a small piece of swampy land from his brother-in-law, Cox, not opposite the court house, and now corner of Main and Front streets. A portion of this land fronting on the road, now Front street, was dry land; this road led down to Cox's mill and Salisbury. On this he built a small frame house for a dwelling, and soon after brought some goods from Cincinnati. Smith finding in the mean time that he was about to have competition and that business was gravitating towards Ezra Boswell's beer saloon and Morrisson's corner, moved his store to the opposite corner where the new court house now stands. Not long after Morrison was in occupancy of his new home, the house accidentally took fire and was burnt to ashes, with the most of his household goods. Previous to the fire Morrisson and Smith entered into co-partnership and Morrisson had moved his goods over in Smith's store; but for some cause not known the partnership was abandoned.

Right here in connection, I will allude to Ezra Boswell, the one-eyed man who made beer and gingerbread, on Front street. Perhaps there are yet some living in Richmond that quaffed beer and ate his gingerbread. The writer is a living witness of testing the latter. When Richmond was but a small village they had a town council that served free gratis, but a rumor was circulated that they drank beer at the town's expense.

Before passing to something else I will notice a few more early settlers on North Front street, in the vicinity of now Pearl Street Church, among whom was Adam Boyd, who was the first 'squire of the town and was a wagon-maker. John McLane, Sen., the blacksmith, (he was of the Friends' Society, and was a stout, robust, broadshouldered man in the meridian of life, and was supposed to have some fighting proclivities, at least the townspeople thought it best to keep on good terms with him). Abel Thornburg, Evan Chaffin and Mark Reeves; the two latter were carpenters and the former a millwright, and perhaps is living. Reeves was the father of Mark and James Reeves the bankers.

Front street previous to 1820 was the main thoroughfare from the north into town as it led directly to Boswell's beer shop and Morrisson's and Smith's stores and Lacey's tavern. Solomon Dickinson, Sen., lived near Morrisson's and Boswell's and was a tinner. Perhaps some yet have a recollection of his ding-dong hammering in that vicinity. In the mean time John Smith had a sale of lots in 1816 on now Pearl street; quite a number were sold and immediately built on. The town now began to number several hundred inhabitants, chiefly industrious mechanics as carpenters, blacksmiths, cabinet-makers, tanners, potters, &c. But Cox appeared to have no penchant for a town, saying he would rather see a buck's tail than a tavern sign. When Cox sold lots on Front street, which had previously been laid out as a county road, allowing forty feet in width for a road, he deemed that width sufficient for a street, not anticipating any more town on his side or wishing any; but finding that his neighbor Smith was bent on having a town, concluded as he would be annoyed anyhow with boys robbing his apple and peach orchard, he con-

sented to sell and lay off Pearl street. I omitted to note that David Hoover's knowledge of surveying was brought into use in surveying lots for Smith and Cox as well as writing deeds, &c. The reader may be informed when Smith sold the first lots. Previous to 1816 the town was called Smithville; but after the first public sale of lots, the towns-people wanted another name, but disagreed among themselves in selecting one. It was agreed to leave it to three disinterested persons outside of the town limits. Thomas Roberts, James Pegg and David Hoover were chosen. Roberts suggested "Waterford," Pegg, "Plainfield," and Hoover "Richmond." The latter was satisfactory to the townspeople.

A new era seemed now to dawn as the town now had a name. From 1820 to '22 quite an accession of new comers was added to Richmond, principally from the Eastern States. James McGuire, an Irishman, had a store near Bargis's stove store. Perhaps few, if any, are here to-day that ever saw this burly, unmarried man. He at one time boarded at Morrison's on the old Strattan corner. The writer has a recollection, when a boy, of being on a visit with his parents at Morrisson's. It so happened I was lodged in McGuire's room; the next morning, being the Sabbath, I arose from my couch earlier than my fellow rooms-man, which gave an opportunity to take observations. The room was not decorated with pictures, save a whisky bottle on the mantelpiece. About this time McGuire awoke; he almost raised the hair on my head, he swore so. Suffice to say, I have let the bottle alone ever since.

Joseph P. Plummer came and occupied a frame house and store on the corner, now Nestor's, David Holloway, Sen., on the opposite corner, Eli Brown, the hatter, next to Plummer's, on Main street, John Wright, next to Brown's and in after years known as the Brightwell store. Morrisson had erected a frame dwelling and store room on the corner of Main and Pearl streets. Smith had Edward L. Frost as a partner, a single man; subsequently Frost and his brother Gideon had a store of their own on now Knapp's corner. On the opposite corner where the Richmond National bank is, was a tavern owned by Philip Harter; one Baily probably was the first tavern keeper there. Morrisson, a few years previous, having discovered the difficulty of the new settlers in obtaining shoe leather, started a tanyard on his swampy land, that was fed by a spring, which he carried on several years successfully. The demand for leather yearly increased as emigration continued rapidly. It was said that much of the sole leather when weighed was sometimes pretty damp. Smith also had a coincident inspiration of the necessities of the settlers about the same time, and started a tan-yard near his house, now Wiggins'. Neither Smith nor Morrisson were practical tanners, but Smith hearing of a dwarf Englishman, a friend Quaker, who had arrived from England and landed at Cincinnati; he employed two men teamsters, members of Friends, to go with their teams and bring the family to Richmond to carry on the tan-yard. It was said in coming from Cincinnati, which took several days, the two young men were careful to have along some good liquor as the water was bad away from Whitewater. The bottle was generally carried in the side-box attached to their wagon beds, where they deposited their curry combs, &c. One day in helping themselves to some they offered it to the friend Englishman who had been walking; he had not been used to red-eye, the consequence was they had to haul him in the wagon the balance of the way to Richmond. Morrisson had in his employ two young men of steady habits--Legg and Wilcox--for several years, till Daniel P. Wiggins came with a young family from Long Island, who was foreman of the

yard some years longer. I believe my contemporary friend, Calvin Outland, served a number of years in the Wiggins family and tan-yard. Wiggins was a practical tanner, was foreman in Hicks & Co.'s tannery before coming. At the date of this writing friend Wiggins is still living over his four score years in retired and easy circumstances on Linden Hill, near this city. Morrisson was the first post master in Richmond, appointed under the administration of John Quincy Adams, and it is said his first quarter's receipts were but two dollars and seventy-five cents.

Perhaps some at this day may be curious to learn what kind of stores were kept in early times in Richmond. Reader, they were not as at this day, classified off as dry goods stores, drug, grocery, hardware, queensware, &c. For example, Smith had calico, chiefly blue, with white spots, apron checks, cap-stuff (very fine), white muslin (very fine), and some remnants of blue broadcloth of a fine quality. Then he had medicines, as castor oil, glauber salts, opodeldoc, Bate-man's drops, Godfrey's cordial, &c. In hardware, he had sugar kettles, pots and skillets; also wrought iron in bars, and shovel-plow moles, nail rods, &c., knives and forks, sheep shears, knitting needles, gimlets, augers, fire-tongs and shovels, and irons, curry combs, bridle-bits, horse collars, blind-bridles, trace-chains, Barlow knives, &c. These, with augers, gimlets and other hardware were wrapt up in oil paper with a sample of each on the outside and placed on shelves to distinguish them. For dye stuff they had madder and indigo, and copperas, and Spanish brown for paint. I believe some of the early stores competed with Smith and Morrisson in the leather trade and had eastern tanned sole leather. All the above articles enumerated, were indispensable in the early settling of the Whitewaters. Sheep shears were to clip the wool off the sheep's back; the augers to bore holes in the sugar trees to get the sap to make sugar; the kettles to boil the sap in; the madder and Indigo to color their garments; the medicine to take when sick, but as there were yet no doctors here in those days but few persons were sick. As to the blue broadcloth alluded to, but few could afford to wear such; but occasionally, when some of the first families got married, the young gent would get a coat of it, and had it cut in the fashion with a high rolling collar, brass buttons and claw hammer tail, with a two-story bell-crown hat. Thus equipped, he generally got the inside track among the "gals," about Whitewater. In some instances they led some bouncing Miss before the country 'squire to be tied together, she being attired in muslin of angelic whiteness, obtained at Smith's store.

I will notice a few early settlers that lived on south Front street, Smith's side. One William Williams lived in a frame house on the now Court House ground, which was raised the day of the first sale of lots, in 1816; he was the first minister of the Friends at Whitewater meeting. He was a wheelwright by trade, made spinning wheels for the early settlers to spin flax and wool for their clothing. The Friends had their preachers at that early day, as they paid no salaries other religious denominations who paid for their preaching, consequently had to wait to get their hearers. Near Smith's store a tavern was kept by one Lacey. I believe my friend Achilles Williams had a saddler shop near by. It is said at that date we had but one lawyer, and he boarded at Lacey's tavern; we used to walk the pavement, such as it was, in front of the tavern, with his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his vest, head about at an angle of forty-five degrees backward, spouting

some Latin; but no business came. He soon left where his merits would be more appreciated.

Eleazor Hiatt and others had a pottery on Front street; pottery ware was a useful article in those days. The first printing office was on Front street, south of Main. Some of the earliest settlers on north Pearl street, were Jacob Sanders, William L. Brady, Caleb Shearon and Ithamer Warner, who was the first permanent doctor in Richmond, unmarried, boarded at Morrisson's, and owned property on Pearl street. The building known as the Warner building, now the property of the city, and occupied as a Mayor's office and other city offices, was donated to the town by Warner before his death, many years ago. He accumulated a handsome fortune during his lifetime in Richmond, and was highly respected by the citizens. Brady and Shearon lived to their death on Pearl street.

The first vehicle or carriage that superseded carts and wagons, perhaps, came from Carolina, owned by Josiah Gilbert, who had settled a mile or more south of town. Perhaps there may be some yet that recollects of seeing him and family riding through town on Front street, going to Whitewater meeting at the hour of eleven o'clock, which was the hour of Friends' meeting from time immemorial. And as Yankee clock peddlers had not wended their way to Richmond, but few of the early inhabitants had time-pieces. It was said Gilbert's were so regular on time to meeting a few minutes before eleven, that when the matron mothers saw the carriage in the street, they went to kindling the fire to get dinner. I have previously alluded to the fact that doctors were not among the earliest settlers, hence there were but few deaths; but one did die, and it so terrified the town that they went to work to find out the cause. I believe the most they did was to mow down all the dog fennel they could find in town.

Having already noticed that Smith and Cox had cared for the temporal wants of early new comers, it was the next year, 1807, that Cox and Smith were careful to provide for their spiritual wants by organizing a meeting composed of those families of the same persuasion. They met at Cox's log cabin that stood near the residence of Elizabeth Starr. The first Friends' meeting on Whitewater for worship was held in Cox's rude blacksmith shop, or perhaps it was a consultation meeting concerning the request to have a meeting-place established to be called "Whitewater." It is a custom among Friends when any of their members emigrate to remote parts from where their religious meetings are established, they constitute an auxiliary to the body who have organizations, and such among them at that date were in Eastern Ohio. Suffice it to say a meeting was set up at Whitewater in 1807, and a rude log meeting-house built a few rods west of where the present large brick one now stands. It being covered with clapboards which were held down with weight-poles and the logs round, as taken from the forest. It might be proper to note that Cox donated to the society several acres of land bordering on the north line of his quarter section, adjacent to a large swamp where numerous springs of water issued. Subsequently, as the town of Richmond grew, some of this land was disposed of for manufacturing purposes, as the Gaar Company, &c. And at a later date, after the era of railroads, another portion was sold. There are many incidents connected with the early history of Whitewater Meeting that might not fail to interest the present generation. Perhaps at the present writing there are few remaining that met for worship at that meeting spot at so early a date. But owing to the rapid emigration of the Friends to

Whitewater this meeting became quite numerous attended, and was some years the most promising religious meeting place for miles around. Many early settlers came to that Meeting who were not identified with it in membership and much friendship and unanimity among all the people then prevailed. In these primitive days it was noticed how the Quakers loved one another, and it was remarked by an early settler who had this good will in his heart towards all, which caused him to exclaim, "Oh blessed Whitewater." For the information of those who may not be acquainted with the usages of the Friends it might be proper to state, that they have in connection with their religious meetings, disciplinary meetings, solely for the private business affairs of their Society. The chief objects of these business meetings are to have a guardianship over the education of the children, who, according to their rules, their birth gives them the right of membership. No immersion, sprinkling, or laying on of hands by a consecrated priest or minister is required. Another praiseworthy rule among them is they care for their own poor; their members never find their way into the alms houses of our country. Yet it may be lamented as the Society has grown in wealth and influence these business meetings, whose ostensible purpose as inaugurated by Fox the founder of such business meetings just alluded to, was for such purposes and other minor considerations as keeping a record of the births, deaths, marriages, &c., were diverted somewhat from their original design to consider doctrinal subjects, at first ignoring all creeds and confessions of faith or beliefs or disbeliefs of the many dogmas so prevalent among all other religious societies, but at a later date, they introduced them into their own society. From an outside standpoint and a true history of the Society in the present century it is plainly to be observed that their disciplinary arrangements so wisely instituted by the founder of that religious organization has been used as an engine of power over their brethren and caused divisions of the Society into smaller organizations, thereby weakening their influence and usefulness. Not long after establishing a meeting for worship, business meetings were instituted: first, a meeting to prepare business for a monthly meeting, which was subordinate to older organizations of the Society in Ohio; but as early as 1816 a quarterly business meeting was established as a branch of Ohio Yearly Meeting.

Some early reminiscences and incidents relating to this log meeting house I might here relate: The writer has a faint recollection of being, while in tender age, inside of that primitive meeting house. It had at first no mode of warming in the winter season. Stoves were almost unknown in this region previous to 1820; resort was had to sugar kettles referred to at Smith's store, which were filled with charcoal. My youthful cotemporary, the late Dr. Plummer, informs us in his early sketches had his toes pinched with cold while sitting on a back seat, a slab bench, with no back. He also says the roof leaked badly. The Doctor had the advantage of some of us Hoosiers of getting his education in an Eastern State before his father came to Richmond. He said he thought it was fortunate that Whitewater Meeting house had large cracks between the logs, else there would have been danger to those sitting near the poisonous gas of the fire in those kettles. His knowledge of the sciences led him to make the remark. When I take a retrospective view of my childhood days, memory brings before my mental vision these early pioneer friends above mentioned, sitting on that rude gallery in that log meeting house. Now their mortal tenements have mouldered to dust in

the grave yard near by with no monument to mark the spot to the passerby of to-day.

One day at meeting the middle of the week, (a custom or practice with the Friends to meet for worship from their first rise over two hundred years ago,) one member came in a little past the hour of eleven o'clock, their time of meeting, took his seat near the door with a game chicken under his arm and coat. Chanticleer soon became restless, feeling, no doubt, like a cat in a strange garret, and protruding his head from his covering, made a demonstration common to his kind. This was a severe strain on the risibles of the young folks in the meeting, while a grave elder in the gallery who comprehended the situation, suggested that some one lead James out of meeting, which was done, he not being altogether compos mentis. As he lived north of the meeting house, he concluded he would kill two birds with one stone, sit meeting first, then come to Richmond and sell his rooster. That practice may not be altogether obsolete the present day.

About the year 1820, emigration of the Friends became so numerous, not only in Wayne county, but in Western Ohio and many parts of Indiana and Illinois and Iowa, that there seemed a demand for the establishing of a Yearly Meeting, to be located at Whitewater. Accordingly a request for this purpose was granted by this Yearly Meeting.

Before noticing the first yearly meeting held at Whitewater, I will go back to the year 1815 when Nathan Hunt, a noted minister among Friends, came to Whitewater territory, and had an appointed meeting, public for all new settlers. As the writer was too young to take cognizance of that meeting, he will have to give an imaginary sketch of it. At that early date settlements were sparse, consequently roads were but bridle ways or blazed paths through dense forests. In a few instances roads were opened enough to admit wagons and vehicles that conveyed early pioneers to meeting. The wagons and carts were the same that moved them from the Carolinas, devoid of paint, in lieu thereof pitched with tar. Some of their tacklings on the horses had husk collars and raw-hide traces. The wagons and carts having semi-circle bows over the bodies of the vehicles, with cotton or tow-linen stretched over to shelter from the storm or sun; others having no such conveyance came on horseback, some with their wives behind them. Others that could afford it had side-saddles for their wives and daughters, yet a goodly number came as pedestrians, and in some instances bare-footed. Those that had side-saddles afforded an opportunity for some of the young sprouts of the male gender to show their gallantry going to the meeting and of seeing the daughters home safe. Not unlikely, if that visit of this ministering Friend from North Carolina had not occurred, whose preaching was in the power and demonstration of the spirit (an inspiration not so common among that same professing people of this day) the writer might not have had so intimate an acquaintance with the Society.

I omitted to mention that the Friends at Whitewater, pretty soon after this meeting was established, had some among them that served as ministers. At that day no salaries were paid for preaching, however poor the minister may have been. One young man, Jesse Gond, owned the land with a new improvement where Earlham College now is. Another was William Williams (before mentioned), who settled in Richmond on South Front street, where he had a shop and made spinning wheels, a very useful article among the early farmers; he made his living as his hearers did, by laboring, and as a noted apostle many hundred years ago did.

Other religious denominations at that date had to do without preaching till the White-water country was more developed, before any of their preachers would have a special call to locate among them.

When the first Yearly Meeting was held, the Friends erected a temporary shed at the end of their log meeting house, about the same size, covering it with clap-boards, &c., and seating it with slab seats or benches supplied from the first saw mills. This was an epoch in the Society's history here in the west, and all looked forward with pleasant anticipations of seeing so many convened together, in a comparatively new country, all nearly on an equality, none rich nor none poor, all intent on opening and clearing out their lands, with round log cabins, and some with hewed log houses, two stories, with mortar of lime and sand between the logs, some of the hewed logs having about eighteen inches hewn surface, which gave the dwelling a neat appearance, being covered with home-made shingles, and a brick chimney with a smooth dressed floor of boards, &c.; having barns with well stored productions of their newly opened farms and numerous grain stacks in the vicinity standing ready to be threshed out by hand or tramped out by horses on the barn floor. As the time began to approach and the leaves began to have a fallow hue and fall off, preparation began in the vicinity to hold the first Yearly Meeting, in 1821. Friends at that date were sparsely settled in Indiana and a few in Illinois and Iowa, consequently some had to come a hundred miles to their Yearly Meetings from the west and western part of Ohio; quite a number of ministers from other Yearly Meetings from the east and North Carolina, were in attendance. The novelty of such a convocation in a comparatively new country occasioned much preparation to entertain the members, free of charge. All in the vicinity of White-water seemed to vie with each other as who could keep the most Friends at Yearly Meeting time. Not a few beeves, calves, and sheep were sacrificed, and hen roosts were invaded for the occasion, barns were prepared for lodgers, and the floors of houses used for beds. All were welcome and on equality, no selecting of favorite guests, no committees appointed to look after boarding places, among outsiders, requiring their members to pay a dollar a day. After their first annual meeting, which was a branch off from the Ohio Yearly Meeting, Friends of Indiana Yearly Meeting thought best to provide a yearly meeting house capacity enough to accommodate all who might desire to come. At the second Yearly Meeting the subject was brought before the meeting and met with favor, and a building committee was appointed to superintend the erection of a house to be of brick. The length was to be one hundred and ten feet, width sixty feet, height thirty feet, roof of shingles. The brick were made near by and the lumber furnished by saw mill owners in the vicinity. The internal as well as external part made no pretensions to show or ornament. A kind of corridor or youths gallery extended on one side of the whole length of the building, opposite to the raised seats, as a gallery. The wood-work inside received no paint or varnish, consequently at the date of penning these lines has a sombre and gloomy appearance. Owing to the cheapness of building material at that early day, the whole cost of constructing the house did not exceed much over three thousand dollars. The money was raised by subscriptions from their members pro rata and ad valorem among the different quarterly meetings. During the progress of building this meeting house Jeremiah Cox sold his farm and lands to Charles W. Starr, and moved further west in the State. It was said he advised the building committee that whatever they did,

to put twelve light eight-by-ten windows in the Yearly Meeting house. I believe that committee transcended his advice and had twenty-four lights. This meeting house has stood over fifty years, and now presents a very antiquated appearance, but when it was first erected was the theme of admiration for strangers passing by. Each year brings a convocation of members until the present date. These gatherings have, for a half century, been largely attended, especially on Sunday, or the first day of the week. Such occasions, to business men of Richmond, serves them equal to a well attended fair. Unfortunately, a few years after this large meeting house was built, the well-known schism reached the West, when many of the members were deprived of their rights in said building who had been taxed so freely under the advalorem rule. Owing to a combination of circumstances and the steady growth of Richmond from railroads &c., the larger portion of the grounds that were donated by Jeremiah Cox for a meeting place, have passed out of the Society, leaving the house and a small lot of ground yet under the control of the Indiana Yearly Meeting. A standing committee is appointed by the Yearly Meeting to locate another meeting place, but at the date of this going to press, no definite conclusions have been arrived at, there appearing to be a diversity of views, among the committee as to its location. Some are for retaining the same old meeting ground and erecting thereon a more modern style house. I have in my mind's eye some whom I have known to meet at this, to them, almost hallowed ground, perhaps first carried there in their mother's arms, but now their locks are silvered o'er with age, so that this spot of ground may have become indelibly imprinted on their memories, never to be erased; and when they view the venerated spot where lie the remains of their ancestors mingling with mother earth, no wonder they are loth to leave it for a new meeting place.

Reader, I propose to leave Richmond, yet but a village, for the present, and give some description of early times on the tributaries of Whitewater, promising to return again. It will be noticed that I have already been relating some incidents of the early settlers' lives. In the course of this sketch I shall probably tell some more, and some about myself. The first I note is about myself. As the wild flowers were about putting forth their summer splendor, and all nature was robed in her best attire, your humble servant was added to a pioneer family, bringing with him about nine pounds, honest weight, of mortality. This was all I had to begin life with, but nature was prolific in her favors toward me, by adding each year thereto till completing the ordinary development of manhood. While I was thus developing I was busy in recognizing objects around me, and propose to describe the modus operandi of erecting log cabins.

It may be recollected that I spoke of a number of families who had emigrated from the State of North Carolina, who were, in connection with the Friends, that had settled in the valleys of Whitewater in the vicinity where Richmond now is, yet there were others of the first families of the valleys that were of other persuasions, that I may in the future refer to. The Friends at first mostly selected lands in the vicinity of those chosen by Smith and Cox, who I have already stated, were influential members, which prompted them to so early an organization, as just referred to. No doubt there are many of the present date who may have not learned the mode of erecting log cabins. In some instances when these early emigrants arrived in their unique wagons, and in some cases carts, with husk collars on their horses, and rawhide traces, and wooden tire on the cart-wheels, all pitched with tar, they

erected tents beside a large fallen tree, and had their camp-fires. Others had relatives or acquaintances and partook of their hospitality till a cabin could be built. After clearing a patch of ground of timber, then a dense forest, the few pioneers who were a little in advance of these new-comers, in order to facilitate the work of building a cabin to shelter those just come, would turn out en masse and help. Some with ax in hand would select of the numerous trees and saplings the most uniform in size, cutting off at the required length desired for the cabin; then haul them or carry them to the place where the cabin was to be erected, which was generally near a spring of water regardless of an eligible site; hence in after years when their farms came to be opened out, their cabins were hid away in some ravine or hollow. Digging of wells were seldom required in those days. While some were bringing the logs together, others were selecting a board tree of a large size, generally oak, cutting it up in about four feet lengths, with a cross-cut saw, (if any were so fortunate as to have one,) and with a froe and maul rive boards, called clap-boards; others would rive and split out pieces of a narrower width for a chimney. While this was going on the cabin was rapidly going up, by having among the men four expert corner-men each with an ax to saddle down the logs, having them to rest nearly upon each other, until the required height was attained, which was generally one story, forming the gable ends also with logs, narrowing them to a point for the pitch of the roof. Then placing poles across from gable to gable a short distance apart, on these the clap-boards were laid, showing two or more feet to the weather; then saplings, called weight poles, were placed upon the boards to hold them down, putting between them what was called knees, to hold them to their place. By the time this was done a spacious chimney place was cut out and split timbers prepared for back and jambs notched down. Upon this a superstructure was built to convey the smoke away, composed of sticks and clay, being mud from the virgin soil obtained on the spot; these were called stick-and-clay chimneys. No relics of these primitive chimneys are to be seen on Whitewater at this date. A profusion of dirt would be placed inside of the wooden jambs to protect them from fire, with a dirt hearth, &c. For light, they cut out a log and pasted greased paper over the opening for a window; also cut out a door-way, pinning to the ends of logs split pieces called door-cheeks. For a door, resort was had to clap-boards, nailing on battons with wrought nails made by an early settler, that I may in future allude to, which was hung with wooden hinges. The crevices between the logs were daubed with mud and clay; the floor was made by splitting timber, called puncheons, sometimes hewing one side of them and pinned down on sills with wooden pins. Not a few of the earliest Hoosiers performed their first locomotion on a puncheon floor about Whitewater, not, however, without coming in contact with the rough surface of these slabs. The cabin is now ready for the reception of the family, all completed in one day. In some instances these newcomers brought no bed-steads with them from Carolina--most too far to bring them. In the absence of any cabinet-maker they supplied this necessity for the time being by boring holes in the walls and placing cross-pieces on a forked stick, upright, fastened to the puncheon floor and rafters, and with strips of elm bark for a bottom, a bed of feathers brought with them was put on. Young reader, you are officially informed in Holland's Life of Lincoln, that he first slept on a similar bedstead, with the exception of the feathers, had the native leaves of the forest of Indiana.

Let us imagine a visit to a family housed in this rude log cabin and fixed up. Let us enter while some of the family club away the dogs threatening to bite us. We find a leather latchstring hanging out that lifts a wooden latch fastened on the inside; this arrangement serves in place of lock and key when the inmates in the night season are all in-doors, by merely pulling the string in; but in the day time the latch-string is always out. Here is a portion of the family sitting around a chest that contained their valuables, partaking of a frugal meal prepared on the log-heap fire, with a wooden pot trammel hanging from a piece of timber high up in the chimney upon which they hung the pot. Their meat was fried in a frying-pan with a four foot handle; this useful article they brought with them. In one corner were placed two or more of the surplus clapboards on pins, upon which a display of table ware appeared, comprising a few cups and saucers and a few blue-edged plates; to give relief, a goodly number of pewter plates were conspicuous. Underneath, on the floor, a few pots or Dutch ovens were seen. Not many chairs were at first brought. In lieu thereof they had stools made of puncheons, with three legs. Upon the inner walls hung divers garments of female attire, consisting of cotton fabric, calico dresses, belonging to the matrons and misses, the ground color blue with white spots. Over the door-way was hung the trusty rifle upon two forked sticks, probably taken from a dog wood bush; and nailed to the logs of the cabin. For the present we will take leave of this pioneer family while some one minds the dogs till we get away. Gentle reader, in such rude domiciles many of our well-to-do farmers who may read these lines on the Whitewaters, lived in their primitive days. Perchance some who are now in the sear and yellow leaf of life, though in possession of ample fortunes and the conveniences and improvements of this age, may look back to those days of log cabins as their happiest and most peaceful, when plainness and simplicity prevailed in the household and ruddy and healthy children were congregated around the family board. No one envied his neighbor for possessing superior comforts than himself; all were comparatively on an equality.

The curling of the blue smoke could now be seen from other log cabins, with small patches cleared around their rude habitations in the dense wilderness. These stalwart pioneers were generally in their prime of life; but few aged ones came at first. They went to work with a will to clear the land of its forest timber for the reception of grain for their support. For the information of some of the present generation and the future ones, I will describe briefly how those broad, fertile fields with no remnants of a forest upon them and appear as if none had ever been. They were at the coming in of the present century a wilderness where the wild beasts roamed unmolested by the white man; no prairies of any magnitude in this region, these all lay to far west. Young reader, all these beautiful fertile farms you behold were cleared of their timber and undergrowth, of various kinds of wild fruit, as grapes, plums, gooseberries, pawpaws, crab apples, &c., by your forefathers. The first thing was to get cabins built and sometimes before, they "deadened," as it was called. This was done by going over the forest they wished to clear with an ax and chopping around each tree. This stopped the communication of the sap through the body of the tree which soon caused its decay. That being done, they would cut down what did not fall, cut the trees up into twelve or more feet lengths, the brush being piled up in a heap. But there was another somewhat novel mode of cutting up logs. Having previously mentioned that the

earliest settlers were from slave States, hence probably the idea was suggested to them of having some kind of element to do the work for them in a much cheaper and easier way than by use of human muscle. The operation was this: they placed smaller logs and dry rubbish across the log and applied fire to them; this was called "niggering." The writer has a recollection of seeing these white lords of creation paying as much attention to this niggering process as if they had actually been the descendents of Africa, who formerly worked for them; and sometimes would say after a social chat with a neighbor, or coming home from Friends' Monthly Meeting, "I must go and right up my niggers." Another reason might be rendered for this mode of getting logs into several parts, for in these days, like the story of the creation of the world, Man was not yet made," or, at least the workers of iron had not come to Whitewater territory, consequently implements of farming were few, and none to make axes. After they had got the thickest of the fallen timber cut and niggered off, then came the process of log-rolling. They would invite the neighbors for some distance around to come to assist in piling these logs together in large heaps. This generally would occupy a day or more. In some instances the good wives and mothers would come and assist in helping to cook for the company. In those days luxuries were not to be obtained; they had to be content with the substantials of life, such as bread and meat. This meat generally consisted of the wild species of the hog, which mostly obtained subsistence by the mast of the forest. They were of a reddish, sandy color; their noses or snouts were very much elongated; legs of good length--the former were no doubt designed for rooting in the ground, and the latter to assist in keeping out of harm's way. It was difficult to catch them; sometimes they were run down with a horse and worried by dogs. Bread was most difficult to procure before mills had been built. The early settlers had to go on a pilgrimage journey to Ohio for their bread-stuff. But the virgin soil produced vegetables in provision such as potatoes, turnips, pumpkins, &c., hence pumpkin pies were the desert dish at rollings, house raisings and corn huskings. After getting these logs reduced to ashes and the brush heaps burnt, and the rails split to fence the clearing, they would set about planting corn and other things. Before proceeding further I will give some idea of the kind of farming implements then used. For a plow that was first used was called a "bar share," the iron part consisting of a bar of iron near three feet long, upon which a broad share of iron was welded; at the extreme point a coulter was placed, which passed through the beam, this being some six or seven feet long, to which was attached handles of corresponding length, having a wooden mould board, split out of a board tree imitating the proper twist as best his ingenuity might study out; the whole length of the plow, including beam and handles, from eight to ten feet. With this plow the new settlers managed to plow among the many undecayed stumps and their roots, but not without much inconvenience. When the plower who, some times was in his teens, endeavored to guide the ponderous plow around a stump by pressing his unequal weight down to raise the point of the coulter above a root, it would sometimes strike a root before the horses could be stopped, and the young plow-boy found himself tossed some distance off. A shovel-plow was also used, not unlike those of the present day, save its rude construction. With it inexperienced young farmers managed to get along better among the stumps, and succeeded in raising a good crop of corn. Tradition says, that some, after the first crop of corn, the next spring, pulled up the old stalks and planted in the hole. How much

these economical farmers raised to the acre I never learned. When they sowed their small grain they would use brush tied together and drag it over the ground. An iron-tooth harrow, a log chain and a pair of sheep shears all did not have. Those who had, the other neighbors deemed it to their interest to be on good terms with. I once recollect when my father removed from one farm to another a few miles distant, of a near neighbor woman regretting the move on account of not being able any more to borrow our sheep shears. Flax seed was early sowed solely to get the lint to prepare it for spinning to make home-made linen. The first process after being matured was to pull it up by the roots and spread it out on the same ground to rot by rain and sunshine, which loosened the lint from the stem; then it was broken in a flax-brake. This machine was quite simple but difficult to describe; suffice it to say, it had wooden swords passing between and close to each other, half of them stationary, on legs like a bench, the others fastened with a roller and had a head-block and a handle to it. The person would put the flax on and pound on it, going up and down like an alligator's mouth till the flax was broken sufficient to twist up, like chignons that some ladies wear at this day. It was then ready for the scutching. The way that was done, was simply to dress the end of a clap-board square and smooth, and drive it in the ground, and have a wooden swingling knife about two feet long; the broken flax was placed on the end of the board and pounded till the shives were all cleared from the lint, which reduced it to a much less size, nearly all being pure lint. Now for the hackling process. An early blacksmith made these hackles, by working out of wrought iron, spikes about four inches long, very sharp pointed; these would be placed in a board in a space about four by eight inches. The lint was drawn through this repeatedly till all the loose particles of tow were separated. It was now rolled up in a similar manner as from the brake, only much smaller, and was ready for spinning. Except the breaking, the work in preparing was generally done by the mothers and grown daughters. I have alluded to spinning wheels that the preacher made. The machine was somewhat complicated, but easily constructed and cheap. Some ingenious person invented a distaff, made from a dogwood bush, bringing the prongs together and tied, and had it to revolve with the lint rolled on; this the mother or maiden would spin off on to a spool. They made vocal music in thus spinning, similar to a hand-organ, while holding the distaff; see proverbs of Solomon. It now was ready for weaving. As looms are not altogether obsolete, I may omit a description of them and merely say they were somewhat rudely constructed. It was a tedious process to put the threads through the reeds, one by one. I believe the Carolinians called them "sleys." I heard a very early settler, at an Old Settlers' meeting some years ago, tell about his bringing some of them when he moved to Whitewater. As he told the joke on himself, probably he will not blame me if I repeat it. In coming with a four-horse team, he arrived at Cincinnati, a considerable town then, in the month of August. Stopping a few hours to do some shopping, he stepped in a store and asked the merchant if he wanted to buy some "sleys." He was answered "No." The store-keeper eyed him a moment, when he inquired where he came from. He replied, "Carliny." "I thought so," said the merchant. The Cincinnati supposed he meant sleighs, to be used when snow was on the ground. The new comer went to his team and family where they had been fed, mounted the saddle-horse and drove out of town, but says he became so mad, he stopped his team at the outskirts of the town and lit off, told his wife

he was going back to town. She asked, "What for?" He said, "I am going to whip a storekeeper;" but through the mild persuasions of his better-half, he again mounted and drove on. These sleys or reeds were very useful in the early times. A reed peddler was a welcome visitor, much more so than many peddlers of the present day. After getting the thread through the reed the warp was wound on a beam; the writer has a recollection of performing that operation by using a long round stick putting it in holes at the end of the beam, while another would hold the web fast in hand with a pull, etc. The mother or a bouncing miss would seat herself on a board and ply the shuttle back and forth, and beat up the thread with a quick jerk of the reed in a swinging frame. Now let us fancy the web wove, say twenty-five yards or more; the good wife would then calculate how many garments it would make to go around the family for all to have a shirt apiece and, the other name, for the mothers and daughters. These home-made linen shirts, though a little rough, were very durable, and when bleached extremely white, is not to be compared with the flimsy, starched muslin of this day. The reader must be informed that the tow was not thrown away, but was spun and wove as the fine linen. This served to make breeches for the males and for bed-ticking, towels, &c.

The latitude of Whitewater was much colder than the more Southern clime where the earliest settlers came from, hence it was important to have warmer clothing than the fabric they could manufacture from the lint of the flax. They early stocked their new farms with sheep, for their wood (their flesh was seldom used). In raising sheep they experienced much annoyance from wolves, and sometimes from neighbor's dogs killing them. An early settler who was, by the way, the first doctor on one of the streams of Whitewater, had two dogs; (most of the settlers had that many or more of various species, the lop-eared hound being kept for hunting purposes). One night his neighbor had nearly all his sheep killed, as he believed, by his neighbor doctor's dogs. He shouldered his gun and went next morning over to the doctor's, perhaps not in as friendly a mood as becometh a disciple of Fox, confronted the doctor at his door, saying, "Doctor, I have come to shoot thy dogs." "Why so?" asked the doctor, he also being of the Friends Society. "They have killed my sheep, and I am going to shoot them right here in thy yard," pointing his gun at the dogs. "Hold on," says the doctor, having faith in the innocence of his dogs thus charged. Having likewise a strong faith in his emetics that he prescribed to the early settlers, when they were bilious, as many, if living, could testify to, he went back into his medicine room, procured some, and spreading it on bread he cast it to the dogs. Soon they made a copious discharge of mutton and wool; that settled it, and the old doctor had to part with his dogs. The wool was clipped from the sheep's back with the sheep shears alluded. Now came the process of wool picking; not unfrequently the neighbors' wives and daughters were invited some evening for this purpose which also afforded the young gents an opportunity to show their gallantry in seeing the latter safe home. It had to be carded as no carding mills were yet about Whitewater. This was done by hand-cards, with wires thickly placed on a board near a foot long and four or five inches wide, with handles; with two of these the operator, generally the women, placed one on her knee, put wool on it, and with the other drawn back and forth, some time, drawing the wool out and rolling it into rolls with the back of the cards. It was now ready for spinning. The most usual way was to have a wool-wheel, the wheel some four feet in diameter, attaching a pulley and band that would rapidly whirl a spindle, the operator standing

with a roll pointed to the spindle, then turning the wheel with her finger on one of the spokes, she moved swiftly backwards the whole length of the cabin to draw out the thread. If not belonging to the Friends Society while thus spinning, vocal music would generally enliven the occasion. Being spun, it was wound on to winding blades, a simple construction that revolved, and then taken off in hanks. The thread was wound on large spools, (made by Billy Williams, the preacher, and others,) then placed on warping-bars when it was ready for the loom to weave as before described. To have the thread colored to suit the fancy they might choose, it was done in various ways. Those who could afford it used Indigo, while others not of the first families resorted to log-wood, madder and walnut bark, &c. Reader, all could not afford to have the fabric composed all of wool any more than some of the present day, hence the chain was of linen with woolen filling, and was called linsey. This was very common for every-day wear in winter. But some did have all wool which was called flannel, colored, this mostly for womens' wear, and was considered plenty good enough to go to Whitewater meeting in. Such, readers, were the common garments worn about the Whitewaters previous to 1820. For shoes, they tanned the leather in a trough, as best they could, till Morrisson started his tan-yard before alluded to. One old settler informed me he tanned squirrel skins and made moccasins. It was fortunate that David Beard's hats, made in North Carolina, were so durable, else some of the earliest pioneers would have gone bareheaded a long time, for it was not till about 1820 that Eli Brown, the first hatter, made hats in Richmond. As a substitute, some platted rye and wheat straw and sewed them together in hat-shape to suit the fancy. As for shoemakers, nearly all could make or mend shoes, sewing the soles on with home-made thread. No such thing as ripping was heard of in those days.

Having in a brief summary way shown how early settlers managed to clothe themselves and families, and how they raised their first corn, etc., I will inform the reader how they procured flour, from wheat, for it must be borne in mind there was in this present century on Whitewater a few years before the first settlers came to Whitewater, that there was no wheat raised. The wheat was sown broadcast, by hand, and brushed or plowed in to cover the seed. When it matured ready for harvesting, the grain was cut with a hooked knife, called a sickle, with sharp teeth. (I omitted to note that the sickle was one of the staple commodities in Smith's store.) With this it was reaped by hand and tied in bundles and placed in dozen shocks, as in the present day. Some in their impatience to get a taste of wheat bread once more, would watch the golden coloring of the heads perhaps on some knoll, where a more ripened spot appeared a little in advance of the general ripening, and with a sickle cut a few bundles to dry by the fire; then rubbing the grain out between his hands, the grain was separated from the chaff and carried in a pillow-case to mill. While grinding he watched the miller at the flour-chest and the pet lamb at the hopper to prevent his small grist from being more diminished, and then he carries home a little in advance of his neighbors. A very aged veteran recently told the writer, when he was a boy, a customer came to his father's blacksmith shop. Dinner was announced by the smith's family. The new-settler, who lived south of Richmond, on Whitewater, was invited to dinner; he was not backward to accept. The family had for dinner what was familiarly called "pan-cakes," or, in other words, "flitters," made of flour. The old man, in relating this story, says it done him good to witness how the invited guest hid

away those flitters--making the pile rather diminutive for the second table.

The wheat being gathered into the barn or stacked, after waiting a short time for the grain to go through a sweating process, it would be thrashed out by laying the opened sheaves on the barn floor and threshed with a flail; this was simply a small hickory sapling, heated in the fire or hot ashes, a distance of about two feet from one end, then pounding the burnt part so as to mash the tender fibres, that it might be flexible in the hands of the thrasher. With this, two or more would stand opposite and flail away till all the grain was separated from the head of the stalk, or straw. Some, more ingenious, had two separate pieces, and fastened them together with a leather string. With this flail a green hand was liable at first to get his ears cuffed. The straw was then separated from the chaff and wheat with wooden forks and a wooden-tooth rake and placed in a pile in the middle of the floor. To get the chaff from the wheat, they would take a sheet from a bed (I forgot to say in the proper place it was made from the tow linen); two men or a man and woman as the case might be, would place the sheet in proper position by holding the corners standing on each side of the pile of grain, and tossing it up with much dexterity and a semi-rotary motion, this would raise the wind and blow the chaff to the four winds. Let us now view a pile of pure wheat, two bushels or more, lying on the floor. This, reader, is no fancy sketch but a reality, founded on facts. It is then measured up in a half bushel, made by an early cooper with hoops and staves, and the grist placed in a safe place, perhaps under the bed, till they had time to take a pilgrimage to the mill.

When the first wheat flour came to be used on the Whitewaters, it was a rare luxury, most too scarce to be used every day. At first they had wheat cakes on Sunday mornings with store coffee from Smith's store, perhaps occasionally during the week, especially if there should be "company" or when the preacher came on a pastoral visit. Then the yellow legged chickens would also be killed. It was a joyful time among the youngsters when the preacher would leave the table. Corn bread was the staple bread of that day; it was cooked or baked in various ways. The most primitive way was to get a smooth clapboard two feet or more long, made up dough and place it on this board about an inch thick, and set the board in a leaning position before a hot fire; when partially baked, turn the other side of the half-baked dough to the fire then, while hot, it was ready for the table. Others would make the dough into lumps and place them in a Dutch oven or skillet with lids, putting fire coals under and on top. The former of these were called "Johnny cakes," and the latter "dodgers." Then again the dough was raised by yeast, and placed in the oven as above, three inches or more in thickness. This was called "pone." When eaten warm with milk and butter, it really was a luxury. Another mode was common, which was to simply sprinkle the meal through the fingers into boiling water into a pot, stirring it at the same time quickly with a paddle until it became of the required thickness. The dish is known in the East as "hasty pudding," but in the West as "mush." It was eaten with milk in bowls, &c., with spoons, and often using with it the fat of pork or molasses. The writer has a recollection of being sent on an errand one morning to a neighbors, where he found the family sitting around the table, a dozen or more, but the head of the family a stout, robust man, was eating his mush and milk by the fire-place out of a tin bucket.

For desert, they had pumpkin pies, and pumpkins were used in various ways for sauce, many kinds of wild fruits, and honey found in the woods in trees that

were hollow. Many a fine, tall poplar tree was fallen to rob the honey deposited in it by wild bees, as well as others to catch a coon whose hide was worth a silver quarter dollar. When my father was about to sell his large farm to an Ohioian, the man thought it strange that so many valuable trees were cut down and left decaying on the timbered land. My father had neighbors that were not scrupulous about observing the lines that divided their lands from his. No fences were around their lands from his. No fences were around their lands at this day, consequently their cattle and hogs roamed at large, but to discriminate them from their neighbors', each new settler had his particular mark by cutting in various ways the ears of the cattle and hogs. Hogs generally fattened on beech-nuts and other kinds of mast. One day, late in the fall, my elder brother, then in his teens, was sent out to hunt his father's hogs (instead of that other animal we read of in the good book.) After looking in all the likely places and failing to find them, he bethought himself of a neighbor's hog pen. Upon going there, he discovered his father's identical ear-marks on some of the hogs that were in the pen, and in his unsophisticated way told the neighbor "them are father's hogs in the pen." The neighbor was a stout, robust man, and would not quietly submit to be accused in that way by a beardless youth, knowing too that a short time before he had joined the Quakers, as the neighbors deridingly called them, so he took advantage of his supposed non-fighting proclivities, and made demonstrations as if he were about to give my brother a severe drubbing, but he comprehended the situation, thinking discretion the better part of valor, made good his retreat home and told the story. Another younger brother who had a strong tendency in his nature, perhaps received by inheritance, to act in self-defence, wanted father to allow him to go and let the hogs out of that neighbor's pen; but father said "no; let us have peace." It was not long after that event this neighbor sold his land and moved to the far West.

My sketches will now necessarily be somewhat rambling, and having many incidents yet to relate within the limited number of these pages, brevity will have to be observed. In connection here, I wish to give a brief history of my father's black horse, as he was cotemporary with myself in age. As I have out-lived that horse I shall, before closing these sketches, note his death. When I was of sufficient age I was sent to the mill on a grist of grain on the back of that black horse. He was a noble animal, above the ordinary size, black as a coal, and "Coaly" was his name. My father kept a team of four horses and he allowed an older brother to team to Cincinnati to haul goods for the first stores in Richmond. Coaly was the main stand-by in a team, being the lead horse. Not a few young colts were broke to work under his guidingship. I have said he was a noble horse, in fact, I thought he was the most sensible horse in the neighborhood among all the horse kind, but he was remarkably mischievous; yet with all his good horse sense he had contracted one fault pretty early in life, which was, he would run away every chance he could get. Perhaps when I relate how he came to run away the first time, you would not blame him so much, as almost any spirited horse would under similar circumstances run away. One day my father sent me out in a deadning with Coaly and a docile bay mare hitched to a sled to haul some summer wood. I got along well till getting into the deadning I happened to stop them over a yellow Jacket's nest. In their stamping off the flies they stirred up the insects. The horses did not wait for the order of going, and made quick time for home, scattering the wood and sled along the road. I was never trusted with him much afterwards, but as

my older brother was quite a teamster he had no fears of the horse running away with him. However, one day he hitched all four to the road wagon to haul rails and went after them in the woods. From some cause they started and got away from him, Coaly in the lead, coming towards the house at a two-forty speed scattering the rails promiscuously. As they neared the barn yard a neighbor, who happened to be at my father's blacksmith shop, ran before them with a fence rail and stopped them in their flight, which had caused but little damage to the wagon, but it learned the young colts just broke to work, the same bad trick. Some of his mischievous tricks were, he would run at every live animal and fowl that would be allowed in the barn-yard. One day he took after a calf running it around the lot till finally he caught it by the nape of the neck and threw it over the fence into another lot. At another time he caught a goose by the neck and threw it on the barn roof. It was not long after my parents attended that appointed meeting at Whitewater, they took to going to that meeting pretty regularly five miles, through an unbroken bridle-way on horse back. My father being somewhat a mechanical genius, built him a carriage, doing all the wood work, ironed it, painted it, made the body, (a Jersey pattern,) setting it on bolsters; what springs it had were inside of the body. He made the curtains and trimmed it, covered the top with half inch boards tongue-and-grooved and thoroughly painted so as to turn water, had the seats of deer skins dressed and stuffed, &c. And having some knowledge of shoe-making or working in leather, he made his own harness, buying the harness leather of Morrisson. I always believed my father took pattern from Gilbert's carriage that he saw at meeting at Whitewater, but he far excelled it in looks and workmanship. His was the first carriage made on the Whitewaters, and was, of course, the finest. After finishing his carriage he blazed and cleared out a road from his place on one of the forks of Whitewater to the meeting-house. To ensure safety from a run-a-way, he made a bridle-bit very strong, having a lever to it of six or eight inches long, attached the check lines to a ring at the end of the lever, and made a wrought-iron chain to go under the lower jaw, with links similar to a log-chain, only more diminutive in size. My father could hold him let him do his best, after that. I have a recollection one day when coming home from meeting, all the family in the carriage, some of the young Whitewaterians came galloping up on horseback, and as they were on their new hog's-hide saddles, they may have felt a little up in the world. This movement roused the spirit in Coaly. I believe that raccon bridle-bit saved a run-a-way and a smash-up of our new carriage, and perhaps the killing or crippling of some of the family.

Perhaps the reader may be interested in learning something of my school-boy days and our log school-house. First, I note a considerable accession to our neighborhood between the Eastern and Middle Fork streams by a number, mostly of the Friends' persuasion and from the Eastern States, between the years 1818 and 1820. Among these earliest comers was a maiden lady who had the requisite qualifications to teach a primary school. She was employed by the neighbors, and they collected together and built a log-house about one mile from my father's home. This school-house was, of course, constructed similar to the cabins for dwellings; they had benches for seats, with legs to them sufficiently high as to be sure to clear the tallest scholars' feet from the floor. For a writing desk pins were drove in the logs and a board rested on them the length or width of the room, having a bench with legs still higher from the floor. In this log school-

house my first preceptor, an excellent lady, gave me the rudiments of an education. I made good progress, going two summers, advancing from ABC's until I was able to spell "baker." I believe after teaching these two summers, she got married and lived many years on Whitewater, when she passed away full of years. The remembrance of her even at this writing remains vivid in my mind.

The next year a young man came from Pennsylvania into the neighborhood, who had also the requisite qualifications to teach a common school. To him and to this same log school-house I was sent six months more. This young man proved to be equal to the emergency, and taught a good school. When he took charge of the school those who were advanced enough to read were required by their parents to take to school a Bible and Testament to read verse about in, that Jewish history had, since the reformation, been revised and printed in that way for the use of schools. When I had progressed so as to read, I was introduced to this book or history, to read from, standing up with the class in single file and reading verse about. I recollect in these early times it used to make my cheeks tingle to read some verses therein. But our school-master (for that was the name we called him,) had brought with him from the East a new kind of school-books to read in. To introduce them he sent some copies by the scholars to their parents, to buy them if they approved of them. They were the "Introduction" and "English Reader." Perhaps there are some of this day who may recollect them. I gladly bore them to my parents, but they were rejected and sent back the next morning, saying they did not want such new things. Others did the same, especially those earliest settlers. The eastern comers were favorable to using them in the school instead of the Bible and Testament. Subsequently, a meeting was called of the employers to consult about it; my father attended. Upon listening to the pro and con in the matter, finding they were generally used among Friends east, the objectors submitted to have them introduced, and my father bought both copies. To me this was joyous news, and the Bible was laid on the shelf. Some incidents occurred at this school worth relating. Our young school-master had some knowledge of the natural sciences. Among other things he brought with him from the East an electrical apparatus. One day he had all the scholars to come to his boarding-place, near by, took them up stairs where he had his apparatus, in one corner of the room, and had us all stand joining hands around the room. Among the company was an older brother of mine who, for experiment, or, more likely to have some fun, caught the tom-cat and held it, having another school-mate hold its paw. Being ready, we were all shocked; some were scared, but none perhaps were more so than the cat and my brother, for they both ran down stairs. While attending this school under this master, the custom was to stand up in a class to spell. When the master saw any of us careless and inattentive to the spelling, he had a way of pretending to have business behind us, and while thus standing his beech gad would suddenly come in contact with the legs of the careless scholars. But he soon discovered that it was not altogether safe to treat the larger boys thus when they began to make belligerent demonstrations, and was afterwards cautious in applying the rod. There was a custom in those early times at holiday-times, to shut

or bar the master out of school till he was compelled to treat. This sometimes caused some altercation, but as I was too young to take part, I will pass that by. My oldest brother, who claimed father's hogs in a neighbor's hog-pen, had become quite studious, often sitting up to late hours at night, pouring over the Bible history and the Rise and Progress of the Quakers, using hickory bark to make a light. For a change, my father bought in Richmond Captain Cook's voyage around the world, in two volumes. My brother eagerly perused it. Afterwards, as I had learned to read, this was the first history I ever read, unless I except the Bible. That book seemed to demonstrate one thing to my youthful mind, that if the world could be explored around it, the Bible account could not be true; but as that history has been written so long ago probably whoever the writers were, may have concluded it had four corners, or was flat like a trencher.

My brother joined in wedlock quite early in life, to an amiable Quakeress girl, and settled down by building a cabin in the midst of a forest. In tribute to his memory I will say, in youth he was above the mediocrity of young men of that day, in piety, sobriety and religious turn of mind. For this peculiarity, when growing to manhood, among the neighbors, where they were frequently thrown together at houseraising and log-rollings, sometimes attempts would be made, by the men older and less scrupulous, to impose on his good nature. One day at a log-rolling, (where the custom was to place handspikes under the logs they wished to carry, when each would vie with others who could straighten up the easiest at his end of the spike,) a neighbor managed to have my youthful brother take the opposite end of his spike; in attempting to raise his end he broke down. Another neighbor whose feelings were favorable to the Quakers, his wife being of that persuasion, took my brother's part. The two neighbors came near having a fight over it.

Having before mentioned that the earliest settlers had ear-marks on their cattle and other stock that roamed at large, to keep them from being claimed by their neighbors, bells were also hung on the necks of the animals. The curious may inquire how they procured these bells, and how were they made? As I happened to be an eye witness in seeing them made, I will describe the process briefly. All implements at that day made of iron were hammered from wrought iron, by the smith, so the material for bells was pounded to the thickness required and the size they wished the bell. When it was shaped to their fancy, having a staple inside to hang the clapper on, it was brazed. This was done by hunting up old pieces of copper and placing them inside the bell, then making mortar of clay and enveloping the bell to the thickness of an inch or more (first wrapping the bell with rags;) the bell thus enclosed in clay mortar, it was placed in the forge fire and a heap of charcoal thrown over it, then blowing it to a sufficient heat to melt the cooper in the bell, which required about an hour, the whole mass was removed from the forge and placed on the ground floor of the shop, it being frequently turned over. For sudden cooling it would be thrown into the slack-tub. On breaking the burnt clay away from the bell and removing the charred rags, behold there is a brazen bell that rings like a charm! These were hung, with a leather strap and buckle, on the cow's neck, the sheep or horses, as the case may have been. These bells seemed to have each a peculiar sound; at least, early settlers could readily distinguish the sound when they went to hunt their cows. The American Agriculturist of the present date, in one of its numbers, recommends those raising flocks of sheep to place bells on a number of their flock, as a pro-

tection in the night season when invaded by sheep-killing dogs, as the running of the sheep would make a noise sufficient to wake the farmer from his drowsy bed in time to save his flock, and probably get a shot at his neighbor's dogs.

In noticing the use of charcoal to melt the copper in the bell, perhaps some of the present generation may be curious to learn how it was made. The stone, or bituminous coal of the present day, is generally known to be found embedded near the outer crust or shell of our globe in many parts of both hemispheres, but we find scientific men are yet not a unit as to its formation. But the writer can demonstrate how charcoal was made, as an eye witness. It was simply cutting up wood about cord-wood length, and splitting, principally sugar-trees; then build a three-square pen of small split timber the height designed for the pile of wood, by setting around this small pen the wood two tiers or more, tapering it to a point, sugar-loaf fashion, containing several cords, as may be required for the size of the coal pit; then cover the wood a foot or more thick with dirt, leaving a hole at the top to place in kindlings. Set fire to the combustibles in the bottom of the pen and center of the pit, covering up the hole at the top, and wait the slow process of combustion which took several days. Care had to be taken to keep it from having air holes sufficient to cause it to break out into a blaze, as the wood must be slowly charred by the heat. Attention is also given to pound with a maul the dirt close to the wood; if a large pit, a person had to get up on the coal pit to maul the dirt, causing the size of the pit to be greatly diminished. This was rather a dangerous business, lest the collier fell in the pit. I recollect seeing my father performing that operation, but no serious accident occurred to him. After it was sufficiently burnt the pit was allowed to stand a few days longer that the fire might be smothered out. Then commencing at the base and removing the dirt with shovels, and drawing the coal back with an iron-tooth rake in a row or pile around the pit, the coal was all drawn out. Care had to be taken lest the coal when exposed to the air would ignite and burn. I recollect in a few instances inexperienced coal-burners, after they had thus burnt the coal, lost all their coal in one night, by being burnt to ashes.

Previous to 1820 a log meeting-house was built near the east bank of Middle Fork of Whitewater, where the earliest settlers of the Carolina Friends congregated. There Edward Bond lived, and his several sons and daughters with families, also lived, with a number of other relatives. This was called an "indulged meeting," tributary to Whitewater meeting. In this log meeting-house the first school was taught, by James Wright, or perhaps one Robert Bratton, an unmarried man that came to the settlement in 1807. This meeting place was about two miles from my father's home; the road to that meeting was a winding dirt road, and upon the new arrival of the eastern comers above mentioned, that log meeting-house of about twenty feet square was filled with a promiscuous company. Among the arrivals was the large family of the Grave's, four brothers, all large, robust men in the meridian of life, having correspondingly buxom and healthy wives and large families each. Their heavy wagons and large horses that they brought their families to Whitewater with, contrasted muchly with the Carolina wagons, carts and tacklings that have been faintly described.

I have omitted to mention how sugar and molasses were made. At first they were lavish in mutilating the sugar trees, so called, by chopping a good sized notch with an ax, that would hold near a pint of sap; then they bored an auger hole slanting into the notch below it, and placed a "spile" in, made of split elder stalks

taking out the pith, or pawpaw. To save the sap, they split out of straight timber, blocks cut about two feet long, and with their axes chopped out a trough to hold about a bucket full; this was set under the spile on the ground. But, as before stated, all the cattle and hogs roamed at large; they caused trouble by the troughs being rooted over by the hogs and the sap drank by the cows. To remedy this, some had legs to their sugar troughs and leaned the troughs against the trees some four or five feet from the ground. Then they dug a hole or furnace in the ground among the trees, and placed the sugar kettles alluded to over the furnace, carrying or hauling the water in a barrel on a sled to the "camp" to fill the kettles with the sap. Those who could afford it had several kettles and large pots, the smallest always at the rear; a roaring fire was kept up, and the sap was boiled down for hours, occasionally filling up as it would evaporate, till the sap became diminished in quantity and sweeter, when it was called syrup, and taken uot; when sufficient syrup was boiled it was "stirred off" or grained and became sugar. This sugar was very pleasant to the taste and sometimes pretty fair. When molasses only was wanted, the syrup was boiled merely to the required thickness. It was considered a most delicious desert to an unsophisticated pioneer; indeed it was a luxury far superior to the cane molasses, with all the refining it is put through of late years. Sorghum is no comparison.

An incident in my brother's early life I will refer to. As I have already stated, we had settled in the woods, comparatively a brief time, when a minister emigrated from North Carolina and settled in the town of Newport, just laid out, in eastern Wayne county, bringing with him a family and credentials as a recommended minister of the Friends. He was, like the one alluded to at Whitewater, a mechanic, and started a tan-yard. But not long after coming, being poor as to worldly goods, they had to undergo the hardships and privations common to all new settlers. In the midst of these privations and scarcity of money, the new comer requested the privilege of performing a religious mission through the Eastern States where any of the Friends were organized, many of whom were in Philadelphia; New York city, &c. He received the necessary recommendations, as was a custom of the Friends who went on such missions, to have a companion to accompany their ministers in membership and good standing, the lot seemed to fall on my young married brother as such a companion. In the latter part of the summer of 1819, preparations were begun to fix them off on a long journey. At that date no public conveyances were much in use, save steamboats and some scattering stage coaches. It was deemed advisable that they be rigged out with a carriage and two horses. The minister in question had brought with him a rather dilapidated carriage from the Carolinas. It was hardly deemed sufficiently respectable for so extensive a journey. As I have already mentioned, my father had just finished his new carriage, and had taken but a few rides in it. The Friends prevailed on father to loan them his new carriage and harness, and receive in lieu thereof the minister's old worn out carriage to go to meeting in while they were gone; and it came to pass he did so. They got off that year and were gone till early the following spring. Several incidents occurred that winter while my brother was away, leaving his little family and cabin in the woods. I being of tender age yet, had to perform many little chores for the good wife. I have a recollection of a storm of wind blowing the roof off the cabin one day; I was posted off among the neighbors to come and place it on again. I may refer to them again after their return.

About this date an incident of house-burning occurred in our neighborhood.

A new settler had a building he used as a cabinet shop and for other purposes. This log shop and a log barn took fire in some manner unknown, as well as stacks of grain, in the warm season of the year. A fire-brand was found on the roof of the cabin in which the family lived, before it took fire. This occurrence caused much excitement in the neighborhood, and accusations were made against some of the neighbors, who were new-comers. Their sons were arrested, and two justices were sent for, one from Richmond and the other in the country; the trial was held in our log school-house near by the incendiary work. No positive proof could be obtained, though an attempt was made to convict by witnesses on circumstantial evidence; but all were acquitted, and the neighbors turned out and built him another shop and barn. Though young, I was with my older brothers who were helping to cut logs. The neighbor who had his shop burnt had a son cotemporary with me in age. While together in the woods I asked him who he thought set fire to his father's buildings. He replied, "I know, but I wont tell thee." Many years rolled away after that event and it is still wrapt in mystery; but in subsequent years circumstances developed pretty conclusively who did the deed; but as the parties have passed away, I will forbear any further allussions to the subject.

I will go back a few years prior to 1819, and relate some early recollections. During the war of 1812 a number of the earliest settlers became frightened, and left their homes and sought older settlements. My parent's family did so, going to Eaton, Ohio, where they had relatives, remaining about two years, or until peace was declared. On coming back we renewed the opening of our farm. I have a distinct recollection of the desolated condition of our house and surroundings. The sequel proved the flight unnecessary, as but little hostility was manifested by the Indians towards those who remained at their homes. I believe the only quadruped to be seen on our premises was a house-cat, who seemed to welcome our return.

Not long after our settling in the dense forest, cabins built, and a few acres cleared of the heaviest timber, Robert Hill, who settled near by in 1806, plowed the first furrow for my father. On one occasion, my father mentioned to his neighbor, Hill, that he was in a little strait in regard to his land, having entered his quarter section at the Land Office at Cincinnati, and made one payment. The second payment had become due, and he had not the money to pay. He had money due him where he come from in North Carolina, but the distance was so great he feared he could not get it in time; delays then were dangerous, lest some one more fortunate in having the money would go to the Land Office, make the payment, and claim the land. Neighbor Hill loaned my father the sum required, and he went to Cincinnati and redeemed his land. This neighborly act proved the truthfulness of the adage, that "A friend in need was a friend indeed." My father and the neighbor--for such he was--about the same in age, were mutual friends during their remaining lives.

Andrew Hoover, who I have noticed, came to my father's new home on business one day in mid-summer, and was invited to dinner. At that early date, he was the first Quaker I ever saw. He being very corpulent, weighing about three hundred pounds, avoirdupois, led me to look upon that religious persuasion as a peculiar people. He sat down to the dinner-table with his broad-brimmed hat on. I stepped up by him and politely asked him to take off his hat as our Southern rules of etiquette were to do so on most all occasions. He replied, "Sonny, my head is bald, and the flies annoy my bald head." This ex-

plained all and I was content.

For the information of those who may not have learned the fact, I will mention that some who first settled the Whitewaters brought with them traditions and superstitions concerning what was familiarly called witchcraft, and which lingered long with those who received their education in slave states, which circumstance, no doubt, had much to do in fixing these legendary stories in their minds. When I was a boy I used to listen with great interest to some of the early settlers relating to each other their stories of witches, ghosts and hob-goblins. My father would tell an incident in substance as follows: He had been to a country town on horse-back, and on returning he was a little belated; darkness overtook him near a graveyard by the roadside; he saw an object standing in the graveyard; imagination soon supplied the remainder; as the object was white, visions of grave clothes flashed before him, and he decided that surely it was a ghost, or some one risen from his grave before being regularly summoned by Gabriel's horn. His horse showed repugnance to passing by it, and he failed, with all his efforts, to urge him on. I have no doubt if my father could have coaxed his horse to run the gauntlet by that graveyard he would have asserted with great confidence that he had seen a ghost. But there he was in the road--no go to his horse; at last he ventured to speak to the spectre by asking who was there. No response. He again asked. No reply. Then again with more emphasis, "If you are a ghost or one risen from the dead, do speak" At last was drawled out, "It's me!" This was not yet satisfactory. He asked again, who me was. After a little painful suspense the reply came, "I am Sambo." Now Sambo had been down to the same town with a bundle of split hickory brooms, and was also late getting home to his master's, hearing the sound of my father's horse's feet in the road behind him, fearing it might be patrolmen after him, for it was contrary to law for a slave to be out after dark, from his master's premises. Another incident my father related when he was at home with his father, he being the eldest. His father owned two old decrepid slaves of Guinea descent. The old man's name was "Chance." One night his nose took to bleeding; the old man, very superstitious, always expected when he died to go straight back to Guinea. He had my father sent for to come to his cabin, told him to pull a leg out of a three-legged stool, and bore a hole in a log of the cabin, and drive in the leg. But first he held it under his nose, saturated it with blood, and then it was driven into the hole. The old man having faith it would stop the flow of blood; but in case it might fail he had my father to place his shoes by his lowly couch, saying he would need them on his journey. But the old man didn't get off at that time, his faith in the stool leg, or something else, stopped the blood.

I heard an early settler tell the following story: That he knew an old miser in North Carolina who lived alone, and hoarded up his money in silver, probably burying it for fear of being robbed. The relater said one night he went over to the old miser's hut, it being very dark, not long after night set in. As he was conversing with his neighbor miser, a rap was heard at the door; the man of money asked who was there, when he was answered in a very sepulchral voice, "The Devil." The notion generally prevailed that this imaginary devil had horns, and he sometimes was called "Old Split-Foot." The relater of the story said to the neighbor, "Hand me your ax," lying near by, and quickly opened the door. There stood before him his majesty with a green cowhide wrapped around him, having the horns above his head. The man with the ax says, "I will try one of your horns, any how," suiting the action to his words. The supposed devil turned upon his heel and fled;

the man with the ax close at his heels soon caught the fleeing devil and stripped the hide from off him, which revealed to him the person of his near neighbor.

One fine morning about the last of May or first of June, my father rigged up the dilapidated old Carolina carriage that he had swapped with the minister for the time being, using for the harness the old plow gears, hearing that there was a carding machine at Salisbury, then the county seat, he started with a bundle of wool tied up in a sheet to get it carded into rolls, taking with it a pot of grease (as was the custom); my mother went along. This makeshift of a carriage was without springs, the body resting on the bolsters of the wagon. In passing over an unused wagon road, he not unfrequently ran over logs a foot or more in diameter. Though my father was a good driver, occasionally a stump would come in contact with the wheels of the carriage, and large spurs of beech roots. Being yet young and unsophisticated, I had not yet been initiated into the peculiar doctrinal views and customs of the Friends, and I could not see how it was that my father loaned his nice new carriage and put up with this old one. I suppose it was owing to the fact of being severely jolted on that trip to Salisbury that caused me to entertain these vain thoughts. We pursued our way, winding around ravines and hills, crossing the East Fork of Whitewater a trinity of times, till we reached Whitewater meeting place where the roads became more tolerable, passing on the road into Richmond, going down Front street, and stopping at the first beer saloon we refreshed ourselves with Ezra Boswell's beer and ginger cakes, passed on by Morrisson's store, Lacy's tavern and Smith's store, going down the steep hill at the bluff near now Wiggins's tan-yard, crossing Whitewater, ascending the opposite bluff, quite steep; from there, was a passable road by John Stewart's a stout, burly Friend, a short distance from where Eearlham College now is, and we soon came to the carding machine on Clear Creek, a branch of Whitewater, where we left our wool and concluded to go up and see the town, passing by Woods's farm, who was the proprietor. Here was several houses on the road, a pretty fair court house, a log jail, a tavern and several machine shops. I noticed on a board at the tavern, "korn, oats, and whisky for sale." One lawyer, at least, I saw. He was a stout, rough-looking man, middle aged; one peculiar feature was noticed, he wore his hair in a cue down his back a foot or more, as I have seen the pioneer mothers have their hair platted and let hang down their backs to be seen below their sun-bonnets. I learned afterwards that he was not only a lawyer but a cabinet-maker, preacher and politician. About this time a man was hung at that place, the first one in the county. Not long after our visit there the county seat question was agitated, a strong party desiring to move it to Centreville, a small town three miles west, and after a long and heated controversy it was moved, and to-day, at this writing, not a stone or brick lies upon another where the town of Salisbury once flourished and where so much bickering and contention and bad blood was stirred up on both sides.

A little story has often been told before, but some who may read these sketches may not have heard it, which I will relate. I have no vouchers for the tale, so you will have to take it for what it is worth. It serves to show how prejudiced Salisburians were against Centrevillians in those days. The road that led to Centreville ran a mile south of the present Wayne county pike, over low, wet, marshy ground. It was said many emigrants having to pass that road one day, somebody in the suburbs of Centreville saw a man's hat lying in the middle of the road --he went for it; as he was about to pick it up, some one cried out below to let that

hat alone. It was found to be on a man's head, and he sitting on the saddle-horse, having swamped down.

I have before alluded to the Middle Fork Meeting House being filled with a company of promiscuous worshippers of Carolinians and Delewareans, the latter having settled near together some distance east of the Middle Fork stream. It being proposed by this settlement to move the site for a meeting place, more central of in their more immediate neighborhood; the former party were not disposed to favor such a suggestion, hence among themselves who attended that indulged meeting, they were not united in having the site for a meeting place moved from where it was first set upon lands of Edward Bond, who had donated it for the use of the Society as a meeting place. The matter was referred to Whitewater Friends for a conciliation, who appointed a committee to choose a site for a new meeting place. That committee did so, but it failed to effect a compromise with the members. The committee had to report without progress; but subsequently another committee was appointed, who finally chose a spot a mile or more east from the Middle Fork meeting, making that spot much nearer my father's farm. The sequel was, the Middle Fork settlers refused to submit to the decision of the Whitewater committee, and alienated themselves from meeting with their brethren at that meeting place, and attached themselves to Chester Meeting, situated on the West Fork of Whitewater, two miles or more distant. They had to pass through almost an unbroken forest, with only an occasional settler or a squatter on reserved school lands. About that time the log meeting-house on the Middle Fork disappeared between two days; no clue to the incendiary. This little unpleasantness, that so soon took place after my father's family were initiated among the Friends, about a place to worship, was somewhat discouraging. The new settlers or the Eastern Friends were our nearest neighbors. My parents were disposed to be neutral during the controversy; yet, owing to some marriage ties, our family went a distance of near five miles to Chester Meeting for a season, though a meeting-house was built within one mile of our home.

One afternoon early in the spring, about sugar-making time, two find, portly looking men were discovered coming up my father's lane on horseback. Upon their coming to the house revealed one of them to be my brother and the other, our neighbor, Grave, who, perhaps, had met with my brother at Whitewater meeting, and who had just returned with the minister from their long and extended journey East. I noticed that my brother's wardrobe was much replenished, which served him several years after; so also was the minister's. But they came home minus my father's carriage. In explanation of this I will state it was owing to the bad condition of the dirt-road after reaching a settlement of the Friends in Preble county, Ohio, some fifteen miles from home; they rode home on horseback. My father, to get possession of his carriage, after the roads became a little settled, took a short journey after it. I accompanied him as a companion and we brought the carriage home somewhat worse of the wear. I believe my father never loaned that carriage for so long a jaunt afterwards. I noticed my brother did not bring his fine young sorrel, high-flyer mare. Upon interviewing him to learn what he had done with her, he referred me to the old bay stump-tail horse that he rode home on. Some eastern horse-jockey had persuaded him that his high-flyer mare was too young for the jaunt, and he swapt her for the old stage-horse, as aforesaid. I think we all appreciated our carriage more since having it back, and getting to ride in it to meeting and other places. My brother renewed his clearing of land with an eye to

business; probably he had thought of the saying, by this time, "Business before pleasure."

After the burning of the meeting-house, and locating a place for a new one, what was called the Bond family and relatives generally, wandered through a wilderness to meeting, for reasons alluded to while my father's family did the same for a few years; but we had back our carriage to ride in. In going this five miles, we necessarily had to pass through the Middle Fork settlement. Not unfrequently my father would pass pedestrian mothers going to meeting and would have me to vacate my seat in the carriage, for those on foot, or to change places with them. In that case I preferred stopping at the one-mile meeting-house.

On a former occasion, I published in one of our city papers a sketch of the history of snakes, showing from past history that snakes, by their gliding movements constitute an expressive type of the whole reptile order who take their name from the Latin repo, "I creep;" but I am reminded of the circumscribed limits of this little work, so I shall have to pass over that, and refer briefly to some of our North American snakes, of which probably the so-called "rattle-snake" is the highest type. The body being covered with scales, the tail is furnished with an appendage termed the "rattle," consisting of several thin horny cells, which fit into each other so loosely that when quickly vibrated they produce a whirring noise. At a certain age a new rattle is added each year. The bite of a rattle-snake is terrible to man or beast. The adder is also said to be venomous. It bites only in self-defence, or when suddenly molested. The writer has a recollection of hearing an early settler on the Whitewaters relate when he was out with his gun shooting game, he espied near him a bird in apparent agony, fluttering on the wing, performing a circular movement towards the ground. A large fallen tree intervened between the hunter and the bird. Advancing to the fallen tree, upon looking over, he discovered a large rattle-snake in the act of charming the bird nearer and nearer to its mouth. He raised his rifle and drove a bullet through the head of the snake, thereby relieving the poor bird from a speedy death and enabled her to return to her nest. What a lesson for humanity to learn to keep out of the way of the charmer that lies in wait to deceive.

In early times the very ground where the city of Richmond stands was prolific of snakes. My venerable friend Cox, who at the date of penning these lines, survives, has told me of killing a large number one morning before breakfast, and said it was not an unusual morning for snakes; either. A few miles north of Richmond a den of snakes was supposed to be in the bluffs of Middle Fork. A fence was made around the hole and a large number were killed. I have read that snakes in other parts of the globe sometimes came into houses. In some instances it was the case here, that snakes of a pretty large size, perhaps harmless, would crawl into cabins of the early settlers. One warm summer day, a snake of some size stealthily crawled in when the inmates were out, save a newly-born babe, lying in the cradle. Young mothers, you must not go into a fit of hysterics if I say that when the mother came to lift the cover, she discovered a large snake snugly coiled up under the cover at the child's feet. One day, at home, my mother had occasion to go a little distance from the house, and in her path she saw a large snake. Without doing, as many would at the present day, run away from it, she gathered a club and killed the snake, and went on her way. Upon relating her adventure at the dinner-table, some of the oldest of the family went to see what kind of snake it was, and it was found to be a black-snake about four feet long. At another time on

on a warm summer day, at a log meeting-house, not many miles from where I now write, a few Friends were holding a silent meeting, (those kind of meetings were more common then than at the present day.) The custom of the Friends from time immemorial was to hold these meetings for worship from one to two hours. When all was silent within the walls, save it might be, the faint wailing of a young babe, the Friends sitting demurely in meditation occasionally crossing their legs to relieve the monotony, when those sitting on the raised seats, fronting the open door, saw a large snake crawl into the meeting-house and take his position on the floor behind the door; suffice it to say that the time of holding meeting was made shorter than has ever been known at Whitewater since.

In the same year that my father got his carriage back, having some business to transact at the Land Office at Cincinnati, late in the fall, he started in his carriage. I had an older brother not yet out of his teens, who concluded to go along with a yoke of well-broken oxen, attached to a light wagon, loaded with new corn-meal, for the Cincinnati market. It was not clearly understood by an unsophisticated youth, as I was, how it came to pass to take meal from such a new country to an older settlement; but so it was. I being young, and had never been so far from home, was allowed to go along. We traveled the first day as far as Eaton, where we tarried over night with my father's brother, who had settled there in 1807. The next day we proceeded on our way; sight-seeing became now my business. On each side of a pretty well-beaten dirt-road, fine open farms lay before me, orchards loaded with fruit, comfortable hewed log dwelling-houses, shingled roofs, but occasionally we saw barns and sheds covered with straw, indicating that we were in a German settlement. Night overtaking us we stopped by the way-side at a house for lodging, that kept teamsters. Nothing of note occurred while there, save the seeing and tasting the first apple-butter. The next morning we traveled on, reaching Cincinnati about noon; we drove on down a street pretty near the landing, where we found a vacant lot, turned our teams upon it and fed them. The reader must imagine that I was not idle in looking for sights. I thought it was a very big town, and the Ohio a big river, having never seen any before larger than Whitewater. (It never in those days got on a high as it does in these latter days.) The most notable sight was the figure of a man mounted on a post on a street corner near, if not on the corner of Main and Fifth streets. It was mounted in a grotesque manner, (I suppose it was a wooden man,) but how could I tell, having never seen such a thing before. In order to satisfy myself more fully what it was, I ventured across the street to look up at it. While there I read, for I had learned to read, above the door "Museum." I had heard teamsters telling about going to the Museum when they went to Cincinnati, and of the sights they saw, such as stuffed monkeys, snakes, wax figures, and of hearing of the rattling of chains where his Satanic Majesty, or Old Split Foot, was chained. I saw a stair-way leading up, and was about to ascend, when a man accosted me thus: "Sonny, where is your quarter?" Not having the same, I posted off to the carriage, and coaxed a silver quarter of a dollar from my father; it was soon in the hands of the door-keeper, and I went up stairs, of course. There I saw things I had never seen before. After feasting my eyes for sometime, when about to come away, near the head of the stairs, I saw a stuffed man with gray hair and beard a foot long, with large teeth, &c. At the same moment I heard chains rattling, which changed my mind of it being a stuffed man, but thought it was the very Old Nick himself. I was down the stairs in very quick time, and soon at our teams, where I found

my father waiting to go and hunt up the Land Office, while my brother went to sell his meal. After crossing and recrossing and going on wrong streets, and getting stopped for passing on them on account of workmen paving the streets, we finally arrived at the Land Office, hitched our teams to a post, and entered the office, about ten feet square. At the door we were roughly accosted with profane language, by a man sitting on a chair with both feet and legs resting on another, near the door, on pillows, saying, "Take care, don't come near my feet." It seems that the old man had the gout pretty bad, and I suppose that was the reason he swore at us. I believe his name was Findlay. After transacting the business we came for we wended our way back to where we first stopped. After doing some shopping and looking around a little, and stopping in front of a barber-shop to hear a son of Africa play on a violin that my father, though a Quaker, was fond of hearing, my brother soon found sale for his meal at fifty cents per bushel. A quarter would have been a big price for it at home. We got started out of town a little before night and put up at a tavern where Cumminsville now is, where we found a dozen or more teamsters lodging for the night. We were nearly the only sober ones among them. They kept up a great noise most of the night--whisky being the cause. We started early the next morning and by driving pretty hard arrived at Eaton an hour or two after dark. The next day we arrived at home, and found all well and safe.

A word more about my brother who went East with the minister. In addition to his wardrobe he had other advantages over his associates on the Whitewaters in being able to tell of the many curiosities and sights he had witnessed while on that visit. He had stood on the beach of the Atlantic's briny deep, and saw its waving ebbs and tides. Among other things he told a pretty big fish story, of seeing the carcass of a whale, having a flour barrel in its mouth to hold it open, and of his crawling in the whale's mouth, but said, in looking down the throat of that whale, he didn't see how Jonah ever got through so small a hole.

The following year after my first trip to Cincinnati, late in the fall, my father conceived the project of taking a tour into the adjoining county north, now familiarly called "Sockum." I believe the ostensible purpose of this exploration was the report he had heard, that in those wilds were large quantities of crab apples that could be had for the gathering. My father went in his carriage that had been loaned to the minister. My brother concluded he would rig up his ox team and go along, and I, being of tender age, was allowed to go with them in that excursion. We started early in the morning, with a view of making the journey in one day. As this was my first trip in that direction, I closely noticed things as we passed along. It was not long before we reached the newly laid out town of Newport which, at that early date, was a live little Quaker village. Its inhabitants were mostly Friends from Carolina. The minister who had my father's carriage was living there and engaged in the tanning business, when he was not out preaching. I believe he was not at home when we passed through, at least I have no recollection of seeing him, or of obtaining dinner at his house, as anticipated; so we shook the dust from our feet and passed on. We soon reached the border settlement. Of the rude cabin and other appendages that I saw, it may hardly seem necessary to give a description, as they were the common domiciles of us all.

You need hardly be informed that these primitive log cabins usually contained but one room, one window, and one door. An incident occurred in the days of pioneer preaching, that illustrates the character of their habitations. An un-

sophisticated preacher who was holding forth to an audience, read his text thus: "In my Father's house are many mansions"--or rooms. He was about preparing to expound, when one in the congregation, who happened to be acquainted with the preacher's father sprang to his feet and gave the preacher the direct lie, declaring he had often been at the house of the preacher's father, and would make oath it was but a log cabin, and there was only one room in it. It seemed to be apparent that as these early settlers in Randolph were so little behind those on the Whitewaters, they hardly had an excuse for living in such squalid huts, even at that date. It was not unusual to shelter their domestic fowls and newly born pigs in their cabins. But suffice it to say, we passed on in a new road till night overtook us, when, observing by the wayside the cabin of a new settler, we found it to be that of a Friend Quaker. Of course we obtained leave to tarry for the night, as it is customary with Friends always to entertain their members free of charge. But aside from that, I thought my father was entitled to some hospitality at the hands of the Friends, for his aid in assisting the minister before mentioned. Early the next morning we resumed our journey, and soon came in sight of the newly laid out town of Winchester. At the suburbs we were intercepted by fallen timber across the road; but with the use of an ax that we had with us, after an hour or more delay, we passed through the new town of a few houses, and soon arrived at the crab orchard, but found that kind of fruit not so plenty as we heard. After some time taken up in gathering the precious fruit, we succeeded in getting about a barrel full, when we came back to the kind Friend's house we left in the morning. The next day we left for home. To help out our enterprise my father purchased of this early settler a barrel of maple sugar, paying about three cents a pound for it. We wended our way as best we could, often missing the almost obscure road, the fallen leaves having nearly covered our tracks the day before, and occasionally turning out to avoid the numerous frog ponds that so abounded in that region. But to be candid, I don't know but what my father and brother got a little bewildered; perhaps similar to a grown son of an early settler's family, who took down his father's trusty rifle from its place over the door of his log cabin and went out in the unbroken forest in quest of game. In his wanderings he became lost. After considerable traveling and retracing of his steps, he finally espied a cabin by twilight in the evening. In coming to it he found the family seated around a huge pot partaking of their evening meal of mush and milk. He was recognized as their son. The shades of night began to close around us while we were reconnoitering around a frog pond to find the road on the opposite side. The borrowed light of the moon was not shining on this side of our globe at that time. We were in a dilemma having no means of striking a light nor provisions for ourselves or teams. At last my brother discovered in the dim distance a faint light supposed to proceed from one of these squalid huts we had seen on our journey to the crab orchard. We went for it and found inmates, but all the assistance they could render was fire. There being no road to the cabin, he obtained a burning torch, returned, and soon had a blazing fire kindled by the side of a fallen tree. Our teams were untackled and tied to trees, and we began to devise ways and means for a supper. The crab-apples and sugar were thought of. Happening to have a tin cup we stewed the apples with sugar--more sugar than crabs. For the lack of spoons splinters were substituted, our frugal meal was relished well. We then set about lodging for the night. My father's carriage served well to lodge in, and we should have slept soundly had it not been for the hooting of

owls and howling of wolves that prowled around our campfire, which we kept up during the night. Not unlikely, if the frosts of November had not prevented, we might have had for base the croaking of bull-frogs in the ponds near by; yet we had quite a comfortable night's lodging. At the dawning of the next day, we had our teams hitched to our vehicles, and when sufficiently light, found we had missed the road, such as it was, a short distance in going around a pond of water. We pursued our way till we reached a pretty well opened farm in the border settlement of Newport, where we halted at a house whose occupant we found to be another of the Friend Quakers. I think we were fortunate in being among Friends, for they fed our teams and gave us a good breakfast, which we certainly enjoyed much; at least I can testify that I ate with a keen relish as the crab-apple desert the night before had served to give me an appetite. Now though half a century has passed since this occurrence, I have ever held in grateful remembrance the Friends, with all their foibles and shortcomings, for their kindness in entertaining strangers. From there we reached home in safety and found all well. I believe that adventure cured my father's penchant for crab-apples.

In the early history of the Whitewaters the military spirit ran high. Aspirants for office then as at the present day, were solicitous to make popularity out of military affairs. But as time ran on the military spirit began to abate and officers resign. A little reminiscence here may not wholly have passed from remembrance among the few remaining pioneers on the Whitewaters. The earliest statutes of Indiana required all inferior officers to serve five years, unless the Brigadier-General, for sufficient cause, would accept a resignation. It is said one Captain Morris, of Brooklyn, tendered his resignation to General McKinney, and assigned his reasons: "First, that he was not fit for the office; and second, that the office was not fit for him." It was accepted on the first. The whole system seemed to be on its last legs, when all at once there arose into public notice in the county of Wayne the man for the occasion, in the person of Major Lewis. He was a young man; like Julius Caesar, of a weak body, with the military ambition of a Charles XII. Although but a Lieutenant, he became a candidate for Major, and having no opposition, was triumphantly elected. The first step of the young Major was to provide himself with a splendid blue uniform coat covered with gold lace and large gilt eagle buttons--a coat Napoleon himself might have worn while commanding at Austerlitz--a chapeau in imitation of the one worn by General Jackson at the battle of the Horse Shoe, surmounted by a towering red plume with white tip, epaulets that might have graced the shoulders of Blucher as he led the Prussian army to the aid of Wellington at Waterloo, a true Damascus blade in its brilliant scabbard, reaching to the feet, boots of the Swatara order reaching up to his seat, with a pair of gold-plated spurs with shanks a foot long. The great military parade to revive the spirit of the Revolution was to come off near the East Fork of Whitewater, under the command of Major Lewis in person. Captains were required to be early in the field with their respective commands armed and equipped as the law directed. The great and memorable day at last arrived. The parade-ground was early filled with waving plumes and crowds of anxious citizens. The aid-de-camp of the Major came galloping into the field in full uniform, directly from the headquarters of the Major, and halted at the marquee of the Adjutant. In a few minutes the order from the Major was given in a loud military voice by the Adjutant, who was mounted on a splendid gray charger: "Officers to your places, marshal your men in companies, separat-

ing the bare-footed from those who have shoes or moccasins, placing the guns, sticks and corn-stalks in separate platoons, and then form a line ready to receive the Major." The order was promptly obeyed in true military style, when at a distance, Major Lewis was seen coming into the field with his aids by his side, his horse rearing and plunging like 'Old Whity' at the battle of Beuna Vista. The brilliant uniform of the Major, and his high, waving plume, pointed him out distinctly (reminding one of my military friends on the occasion of receiving a distinguished guest in the Presidential campaign, at Richmond, when marshal of the day, of a more recent date.) The line was formed; the Major took position on a rising piece of ground about a hundred yards in front of the battallion. Rising in his stirrups and turning his face full upon the line he said, "Attention, the whold!" Unfortunately the Major had not tried his voice before in the open air, and with the word "attention" it broke, and "the whole" sounded like the whistle of a shrill fife. The moment the sound reached the line, some one at the lower end, with a voice as shrill as the Major's, cried out, "Children, come out of the swamp, you'll get snake-bit." The Major pushed down the line at full speed, saying, "Who dares insult me?" No answer. The cry then commenced all along the line, "You'll get snake bit!" The Major turned and dashed up the line, but he had sense enough to see that it was the military system that was in disrepute, and not Major Lewis that was the main object of ridicule. He dashed his chapeau from his head, drew his sword, tore his commission to pieces, and resigned his office on the spot. The battallion dispersed, and general military training from that time forward on the Whitewater was at an end. At a later date there was an attempt to revive the military law in Eastern Wayne county. An early pioneer, who had received the title of Colonel in the war of 1812, did occasionally drill and muster the young hoosier sprouts of Richmond and vicinity. On one occasion, a bright summer day, when I was pumping wind for a son of Vulcan on the lot where the Odd Fellows' building now is, I saw this Colonel on the commons near where the Post Office now is, drilling the boys. The Colonel was dressed in true military style, having white trowsers, yellow vest, a blue broadcloth coat, with brass buttons, high coat collar and a claw-hammer tail, a two-story bell-crowned hat, with a feather, plucked from a bird of a foreign clime, elevated several inches above his hat, epaulets about the size of two pewter plates upon each shoulder, and a long sword dangling by his side. They went through the military tactics at the motions and nods of the commander, some with their rusty shotguns, and others with their trusty rifles, while the remainder were supplied with sticks, &c. But long since this custom has entirely ceased, and is remembered as among the things that were, on the Whitewaters.

Once upon a time, when the military spirit was in vogue, an early settler was elected Captain by his neighbors, but being desirous to acquaint himself before the day of muster, on the morning of that memorable day he had his "gude wife" to prepare him an early breakfast, and while she was doing so he embraced the opportunity of pacing the yard in front of the door of the cabin. It so happened he had a hole under his cabin to put his vegetables in, but had neglected to have a covering to the entrance into it. In his military maneuvering by forward and backward steps, it so happened the Captain in one of his backward marches unfortunately fell into the cellar among some debris and empty barrels, making considerable noise. At this the wife, with sleeves rooled up and apron on, with knife in hand to turn the steak in the frying pan, rushed to the door to ascertain the cause. The Captain, who was in

the act of crawling out, said to the good woman, "Go back; what do you know about war?"

During the intervening time of going to school I was the main mill-boy, and was frequently posted off with a grist of about two bushels, put in a tow meal sack, on the back of Coaly, and I on top to balance it. Not unfrequently in a dry time I had to return without the grist being ground, for each had to wait their turn. It was not so pleasant to ride bare-back. Near the mill I had to pass through the lane of a new farm, where an early orchard had been planted, and was beginning to bear apples, the first in the neighborhood. The old gentleman owning it had a pretty lively time in keeping mill boys out of his orchard. He was a tobacco-raiser also, and was a great chewer of the weed. I have a recollection of seeing him carry in his pocket an enormous twist of his home-made tobacco, done up similar to the flax, before described. It was said he chewed about a pound a day. On one occasion, when waiting for the turn of my grist, I fell in company with a school-mate, about my age, who came to the same mill; while there it afforded an opportunity for me to renew my accusation of his appropriating my inkstand to his own use at school. I valued the ink-stand much, being made by my father out of lead, but he denied taking it. I believed he had it, and I went for him on the mill floor. The rattling of the mill prevented Friend Cox from hearing our beligerant talk; perhaps some other customer informed him and he immediately stopped the mill and took us under his friendly care, lecturing us sharply. On my part I have adhered to his advice ever since. But I believe my cotemporary friend, who is now a minister among the Friends of some prominence, in a large city, did not profit by the advice strictly through his after youthful days. One day this school-mate, not long after, when under the guardianship of a Friend, a farmer, went to Richmond, then a small town, with a wagon and team. He took the horses from the wagon and fed them, leaving the aforesaid school-mate to watch the town cows from robbing the horse-feed. Some town boys came around while the Friend was attending to some business, and tormented the country-boy till his angry passion rose to a fighting pitch, and he went for the boys right and left. One he had down choking him very much as I did him at the mill. At this moment the Friend put in an appearance, and separated them, giving his wayward adopted son a lecture similar to that of the miller.

Not long after these little events just related, a stranger rode up to our double hewed-log house and wished to know if he could obtain lodging for the night. He had a respectable appearance and was in middle life. My father's house was an asylum for all new comers. After peace was declared often friendly Indians, in passing along, tarried with us, saying they wanted always to stop with Penn's children. This Friend, who had come from the Miamis, was looking somewhere on the Whitewater to buy a farm. The next morning my father showed him the metes and bounds of his land and improvements. Suffice it to say, before leaving, a purchase was made, and the next day my parents went to Richmond with him to execute a deed, receiving half the money down, all in silver. I recollect of my father obtaining two shot bags of Robert Morrisson to put the money in, and placed the bags in the bottom of the carriage, and come home. It was some months before possession was to be given. That money remained in those bags without the protection of lock or key; no fears seemed to be apprehended of it being stolen. My parents had their reasons for selling our home-place. One was that my older brothers were married and settled, leaving too large a farm without help to work it, and

probably another was, the great distance, near five miles, to meeting. My eldest brother concluded he would "go west and grow up with the country," where he again settled in the woods, but had a pretty hard time of it, being but a farmer, he had no way of getting money. Some of these early settlers would keep dogs and have guns with which they hunted over the unbroken forest for wild game, that they might obtain their skins and scalps; but my brother had no liking for either. It was rarely that he caught a coon with his innocent dog to get the hide, for which he could receive a silver quarter. Combinations of circumstances were such that he, in a few years, came back to the Whitewaters and settled there again.

In 1825, my father reconnoitered around in the Whitewater settlement, when finally he bought a small farm on the West Fork of Whitewater, a few miles nearer Richmond and several miles nearer meeting. In the fall of that year we moved to it, taking with us all our stock of cows, sheep and hogs, and "Coaly," and an honest mare. Perhaps a brief description of this new home and surroundings may amuse, if not interest. The land consisted of sixty acres, some of the timber land quite broken as well as the cleared land; it had on it a two-story hewed-log house, shingle roof, a few inferior log buildings for stabling, and a barn. I might here say I had a brother who, a short time before, had settled near by. That may have been the inducement in locating where we did. My father spent considerable money on this little place to make it more comfortable. It was not long after coming here, we heard the report that the milk sickness was around us, which we were ignorant of before purchasing. Upon inquiring of the neighbors about it, they said it was not in that settlement, but away up about Hillsborough that they had it mighty bad. But for some cause, the next year our cows all died; our hogs and sheep took a fancy to roam, and for what I know became attached to our neighbors, and hence we lost their identity. The spring following, I regret to record the demise of "Coaly," whom I had rode to the mill so often, and who was so useful for general purposes on our other farm. I suppose it was not the milk-sick that killed him, for upon a post mortem examination it was found he died of the bots. I recollect of my father's making great efforts to save his life. While I and my father were holding a rail, rubbing him over the abdomen, he fell broadside. We seemed to have much bad luck after coming here. The loss of that valuable horse was keenly felt in cultivating our first crop. The next day my father started out to buy another, purchased a mare of a neighbor for forty-five dollars in silver, brought her home with him, and with the assistance of a hired neighbor, did some plowing; but it was soon discovered that the newly purchased brown mare was baulky, and often refused to pull in the time of need. Perhaps the neighbor had forgotten to tell my father of that fault. One day my father sent me out with her hitched to a sled to haul home some fire-wood. The wood was placed on, but she refused to pull; my coaxing appeared to be fruitless. Father, seeing from the house the situation, came to us. His entreaties were of no avail, so he picked up a pretty good cudgel and smote her behind the ear; this brought her to her knees. After the stunning effect was over she pulled the sled home. I began to have a little experience in farming that summer with a baulky mare. In plowing among the stumps I would often get pretty badly kicked and thrown some distance from the plow handles, not having weight sufficient to guide the bar-share plow. We managed, though, to raise some grain and flax. The first products I ever raised and brought to Richmond was the seed of flax, which I beat out over a log and winnowed with a tow sheet, to the amount of about three pecks. With this

seed, which I sold to John Page and the fleece of a pet lamb which I sold to Joseph P. Plummer, I purchased a wool hat.

I omitted to mention that we brought with us our dog "Bounce," who soon after took an ailing and died; but I don't believe it was the milk-sick that he died with, as our cows had died of before. To put him out of his misery, my father had me to go down the hill where he was and kill him. I went and let some pretty heavy boulders fall on him and went away, but next morning on going to see whether he was dead, I found him lying in a natural position. I left him in that position, and have never been back since. Not being much posted in dogology, I could not say what caused his death, but I presume he died of old age. After losing our cows, my father bought of the late Judge Hoover a superannuated cow, which soon after went the way of all flesh.

Not long after coming to this new place I made the acquaintance of a near neighbor who was a shoemaker, somewhat advanced in years; he was a Friend of more than ordinary acquirements, especially in the fundamental doctrines of the early Friends. He finding I had a taste for reading, often loaned me books. He also seemed to discover that I had a latent genius in mechanism, and, if brought out, might render him some advantage, so he persuaded me that I could manufacture lasts for him to make shoes on. With this flattery, I obtained suitable wood and made a number of lasts for him. They were not rights and lefts; such were unknown in these days. He used to boast of my ingenuity to his customers. I also sawed peg wood for him. We had a near neighbor that had a small carding machine that was run by water on the West Fork. He also had, near by, a small grist mill, which in that day had the reputation of making the best corn meal on Whitewater. I believe it was this good name of that mill that induced my brother, before mentioned, to take that load of meal to Cincinnati. He had a very long mill-race to his mill, and but a small brush dam. One day, as he was grinding a grist, the mill come to a stand still. He started up his race to ascertain the cause. Near the dam (it was warm weather,) he found a neighbor's female hog lying in the race. He removed the obstruction by throwing a stone at her, and hastened back to the mill, to be there by the time the water got down, and so the mill went on. While living at this home I finished my education, by graduating from a log school-house, near by, with honors, and a diploma on a quire of fool's cap paper. Having lost about all our stock that we brought on this little farm, except the mare alluded to, and she took to stump-sucking, and became weakly, my father traded her off for some useful furniture. This left him with his carriage without horses. A well-to-do farmer that lived in Union county, happened to come along, and he sold the carriage to him at a discount. As money was scarce, he had to wait a long time for his pay.

While living on this little farm I made but few associates among boys of any age. Their chief delight seemed to be in raising dogs; all appeared to vie with each other in having the most. Sometimes, in hunting or at log-rollings, their dogs would get to fighting, and occasionally the owners would get at it, too, about their dogs. Pitching quoits, wrestling, jumping and running foot-races on Sunday, was the general occupation. Some of the older ones of Friends' extraction, when they came to Richmond, on election days in August, would frequently come in contact with some of similar proclivities and get bloody noses.

Through all our ill luck we continued to attend Chester meeting regularly,

part of the time on foot. Many incidents of my early recollections I could relate while going to that log meeting-house. They had a large fire-place in one corner of the meeting-house which was quite an accommodation to the young folks in the winter season. In summer the members would gather there about eleven o'clock on the middle of the week just as they came from their work; some I noticed were barefooted. On Sunday they had clean shirts on, well starched. Many of those meetings were held in silent meditation. But I recollect one summer day, when all within those rude walls was silent, excepting the occasional wail of a babe or the singing of some gay bird (I hope this warbler did not disturb their meditations.) At last the silence was broken by a Friend who sat facing the gallery with his back to the main audience. All at once he jumped from his seat and turned quickly around looking where he had been sitting, and said, "What in the world is this?" leaving all in that meeting to conclude he had been sitting on something; but the next sentence revealed that it was only a text that he had conjured up to preach from.

At another time the house was pretty full, as it was Sunday, and quite a number of young folks were in the back seats looking on, when a member in pretty good standing sat facing the meeting. He had seen his three score years, and carried a cane or staff. Sometimes when sitting in meeting he would get drowsy, and had a way of resting his head on the top of his staff. One day he had his mouth resting on the smooth-headed cane, when he got pretty sound asleep in that position. He was now watched by the boys, till finally all consciousness left him. His mouth opened, and the cane went several inches down his throat. Of course the boys laughed "right out in meetin'." The Friends in the gallery didn't know what they were laughing at till after meeting, when they were talked to about unbecoming behavior in meeting; on learning the cause it was looked over. But it was very naughty for the boys to laugh at the old Friend, yet who could expect much better, when they had dog fighting, wrestling, and ran foot races on Sunday after meeting?

About my seventeenth year and the second year of my experience in farming, near the close of summer, I was taken with my first spell of sickness. The neighbors said I had a kind of bilious fever. At any rate I was quite sick, refusing all food. Our only family doctor was living on the Middle Fork, near where Middleboro' now is. He was sent for, coming several miles on horseback with his saddle bags of medicine, comprising tartar emetic, calomel, jalop, castor oil, salts--not very well refined--and a thumb and spring lancet. He came to the bed-side, spoke kindly to me; he was of the Friends' persuasion, a Pennsylvanian, near three score years. He had me to thrust out my tongue for inspection, then felt my pulse, at the same time pulling from his pocket his English watch, looking very wise, while counting the beats of my throbbing pulse. He said I was very bilious and had a high fever. He proceeded to give me an emetic, (I suppose the kind he gave his dogs on another occasion before mentioned, for it served me the same way,) then had me to take calomel and jalop, for a physic, and with some instructions given, left. He returned two days after, found me still bad and administered more emetics and physic, and in addition bled me with his spring-lancet till I fainted and was carried to bed. He said he was "taking me through a course of medicine to prostrate the system." I think in my case he was succeeding in that way effectually, but it was to break the fever, he said. The doctor continued his visits about every other day, and repeating his allopathic remedies for about two weeks. During that time no nourishment whatever could be taken, unless there was nourishment in his jalop, ipecac and bleeding. I think the doctor began to think he had an obstinate case, but he paid

great attention to me. One day he brought his good new wife with him; I thought her kind offices and sympathies did more good than his medicines. He said he always succeeded to cure or break the fever by salivating his patients. He changed his medicines to something else, it may have been the essence of white clover, for it made me slobber like a horse that ran on a white cloverfield. I noticed that they always got poorer, and so it was in my case. I was now reduced to a mere skeleton; life was about dispaired of. I remember that my brother said he could count the joints in my back-bone while lying on my back. But sure enough the fever was broken, for there was little left of me to create a fever. I have no doubt the doctor believed that the salivation was the salvation of me. With all due respect to that doctor I believe nature got the upper-hand of the old doctor, and cured me in spite of his strong medicine and bleeding and tinkering. But I always believed he damaged my tenement irreparably. But strange to relate, for many years after, when matured to manhood, I suffered other tinkers of the same kind to try to patch up this same mortal body and make it passable to live in. After a long while I grew in knowledge, and learned enough to let them alone, so that I am making out with it till such time when I am promised a new one; then, maybe, I'll be able to tell more than I know now about the doctors.

I will mention the pleasurable sensations or dreams I had when in that prostrated spell of sickness. Once a figure of a school-mate with all her beauty and rosy cheeks, who had passed away to the shadowy-land a few years previous, seemed to be standing by my side. This so frightened me that I called to my mother, who was sleeping in the same room, to come and stay with me the remainder of the night. On another occasion I had the sensation of ascending from my couch until my eyes became dazzled in brightness; the sensation was the most pleasant imaginable, when I was aroused by the barking of the dogs, else I might have gone entirely up, and the loss to the world would have been my gain. The doctor made his last call, gave me medicine which quieted my nerves, and brought on a deep sleep, when I awake I will tell what I saw around me.

APPENDIX

I was aroused to consciousness by hearing a shrill whistle unlike anything I had ever heard before; it seemed to be not far away. Upon being fairly awake I looked around me--all was changed. In this bewilderment of suspense, a guide came to me and said he was my earthly guardian, who, upon inquiry, I found was pretty well acquainted with what had transpired while I was asleep. I first wished to learn how long I had been asleep; I was told fifty years. This astonished me beyond measure, and becoming sufficiently awake, I inquired where my father and mother, and my only sister, my junior, were. I was told my parents had many years previous passed away from earth, as well as most all who I knew of my former surroundings. In looking around on my father's little farm, where I awoke all things were passed away except the hills and valleys. The only adult man left was the young married neighbor who had a mill and the one-horse carding machine. My friend said he was still living on the side of the hill, now an old man of nearly four score years. But I was delighted to learn that my sister was living, and resided in the city of Richmond, the place that I knew when it was but a little village. I desired to be conducted to see her, and I now bid adieu to that spot. But I wanted to learn what noise it was that awoke me. I was told that it was the whistle of a locomotive, which was something new to me. My guide explained that it was an engine, propelled by steam and mounted on wheels; attached to it was water and fuel, a man at the front as engineer, and another as fireman. To this locomotive was hitched what are called cars or coaches, to convey passengers and freight, instead of conveying the former and latter by slow wagons and coaches, as related in my annals. These locomotives and cars were run on what was called railroads. These roads were made by first grading, cutting down in some places and filling up in other places, then cross-ties are placed, about six or eight feet long, about twenty inches to two feet apart; the iron rail is then spiked down. These are generally twenty-four feet long, and at a more modern date called "T" rails. I was informed that these railroads were introduced in America about the time I was born, and that the first bars were flat instead of the shape now used; that early in the present century these roads were but few, being first constructed in the eastern States, from one city to another. It was not till 1833 that railroads were extended any great distance in the Eastern and Middle States; after that date they rapidly extended, as the wants of the age demanded, pushed their way in the Southern States, and as far west as Ohio. That in 1850 the march of improvement had become so great in my native State, that railroads began to be talked about here. After much activity and perservance on the part of prominent citizens, that in 1852 the first locomotive crossed the State line dividing Ohio from Indiana. This, I was informed, was an important era to Richmond; that previous to that date an enterprise was projected to have a canal down the White-water, to connect with some southern towns on the stream towards the Ohio river, but my guide informed me that that project was a failure. Some relics of a canal can be seen where a few ditches were excavated along the line, some eighty thousand dollars of the peoples' money being spent in surveying and work. A similar project was, a short time before, consummated, leading from Cambridge City, a town which had rapidly sprang up in the western part of the county; but that it is now one of the things that were. Soon after this the citizens turned their attention to constructing turnpike roads leading to various points, having some years previous the National

road passing through, which was a great thoroughfare for emigrants to Illinois, Iowa and other States West. This, says my informant, was a useful and paying investment. The enterprising projectors of these roads were not expecting them to have railroads to converge to Richmond, at so early a date, or the pikes might not have been so energetically completed. Soon followed the first railroad from Cincinnati.

Another was projected from the East, leading West to the capitol of Indiana, called Indianapolis, which, I am informed at the date of my early Annals, was an unbroken wilderness, where no white man lived previous to 1818. A town was laid out there about 1820, and rapidly grew and in 1825 became the Capitol of the State. Now, at this date, it claims about one hundred thousand inhabitants, and has twelve or thirteen railroads centering there. Some few years later other roads made Richmond a point, and lastly the one that its locomotive whistle woke me, was a few years ago completed from Ft. Wayne, a town in the northern part of Indiana, that was laid out and grew since the date of the foregoing Annals. This road, I was informed, was a number of years talked of before it was completed. Its final completion, I was told, was owing much to the energy and perservance of a cotemporary who I knew when a boy, and first saw at Chester Meeting; then he wore a fashionable broad-brimmed beaver, and is President of this road. I asked my guide if these railroads were all there were in the world? With a smile he said, not by any means, remarking that to give an entire history of railroads both in America and Europe would occupy too much space in this little Appendix. My instructor said, let us leave this lonely spot, and go to the nearest station on the Fort Wayne railroad and get aboard the cars and ride to Richmond. As this was the first railroad locomotive and cars I had ever seen, I was afraid to venture upon it. But hearing the loud cry, "all aboard," I jumped on. Strange to relate, in a few minutes, the train was passing over Whitewater stream, on a high bridge, part wood and part iron. Here I learned that this was the second bridge, the first one built about 1852 burnt down, in 1870. I asked my guide how many inhabitants there was now in Richmond? he said, about twelve thousand within the city limits, and probably within a radius of two miles, twenty thousand; and that Wayne township of about six miles square, of which these annals is a history of, is now densely populated, and pays about half the taxes of Wayne county. We are now entering the depot, just been completed; perhaps none superior to it in Indiana. I was told that the first depot, built over twenty years ago, was small and poorly constructed. When alighting from the car, all objects were new, rows of brick houses loomed up before my eyes, all astir with people and business, but none I knew. While thus standing in consternation and wonder, my guide pointed in view from where we stood, the old Whitewater Meeting House, where he said, I was present and saw the foundation before the brick walls were laid. Indeed I recognized it to be the same Yearly Meeting House of fifty years ago that was considered so grand and majestic, standing there in a comparative new and unimproved country. But now how tame and sombre it looked; no dome or belfry upon its roof, or ornament in its exterior, except the faded drab paint on the walls. My guide said this was not for show, but for preservation, as the Friend Quakers did not so generally wear drab clothes as they did when I was a boy. In surveying this now unique pile of bricks and mortar it did not appear so large as formerly, and seemed to shrink into insignificance before me, since the Depot in front of it was twice its length. My curiosity

seemed now to be gratified in standing viewing Whitewater meeting place, where I used to go with my parents, over half a century ago. Before leaving, I said, let us go inside of this old meeting-house, wishing to see how it looked now. I was informed the doors were locked, and it not being meeting-day, my guide, who seemed to know how it was, said it was just as I used to see it, no paint or varnish had ever been put on the wood-work; the same wooden benches for seats, a few dilapidated cushions were on the foremost seats, the remainder were hard enough. He said that the same sounding-board, as it was called fifty years ago, was there just as it was; there had been some fears of late years that the walls would give way and the whole mass fall. In such an event great would be the fall of that meeting house, and fortunate would it be that it did not occur in time of Yearly Meeting.

I wanted now to see Richmond as she now is, and wished to be conducted down Front street, the only street I knew when I was there over fifty years ago. In going in that direction I passed by solid blocks of houses where, I was informed, once a good sized frog pond existed. This I had not forgotten. Going on I saw houses on both sides, some for business and others fine residences. We come now to the same Front street, narrow in width as formerly. I began to locate sites of the first houses I knew on the street, and I recognized the spot where now the Pearl street M.E. church is, where used to be a wagon-shop. McLane's blacksmith shop was not to be seen, nor Boswell's beer shop and house, but there was the spot where they stood. A little further on was the ground where Robert Morrisson first lived and at the corner where he had his first store. Here I found a large three-story, of brick, occupied for various kinds of business. My informant here said that Richmond people didn't now have such small beer shops as friend Boswell had, but in lieu they had what was now called "saloons," and a great many of these are now in Richmond, scattered over town; and here is one on the ground floor of this corner building. While standing on the corner, I asked my conductor what large, modern new house that was on the corner, recognizing it to be the same corner where John Smith kept store; he replied that it was the Court House, and the county seat had been moved from a small town called Centreville, six miles on the Wayne county pike, west, which, I was told, had been the county seat of my native county over fifty years. He said it caused much contention and a great deal of money, and bad blood stirred up, to get this Court House here; pointing down Front Street south, on the west side, said all that ground, mostly cleared of houses, over two acres of it, was the Court House ground. In going across he showed me the new jail, just completed, including the Sheriff's residence. He said there was none superior in the State, promising me at some other time he would show me the inside of it. I thought that would be interesting, as I had never been in a jail. I looked across to the corner where Plummer's store formerly was, and there saw, instead of a plain frame house, a four-story brick loomed up before me, and read, "T. Nestor," on its walls. On the opposite corner where David Holloway had a store, was also a three-story brick. On the ground room was an "Eating House;" this was a new name to me, but I was told these were common. The artificial beef-steak, ham, and mutton leg in the window looked quite natural. On the second story I read, "Attorneys at Law." I wanted to know of my conductor what that meant; and he said it was another name for lawyers; still at a loss to know what they were, with a smile was told if I had not slept so long I would not have asked such a question. He said when I was in my teens not one of this fraternity lived here; it was a good while after that

a lawyer did come, and boarded over where the Court House is, but soon went where his merits would be more appreciated. It was some time before any others ventured to come to Richmond. I was told now at this date, that lawyers could be counted by scores in Wayne county, and that about two-thirds of them were living here in Richmond. This I thought strange, but was told since the population has become so dense, crime in the same ration has kept pace, so as to require large and costly jails and Court Houses; hence it necessarily requires a great many lawyers to keep people out of the jails and penitentiaries. But with all their assistance, I was told, these prisons were crowded with convicts, having two large State Prisons in Indiana. I wished to know if all rogues got to these prisons, and was told not by any means. The biggest rogues generally got clear. I inquired if it was not somewhere near where a printing office used to be. He said there was one at the rear end of Nestor's corner in a one-story frame house. I said I recollected going with my father to see the editor about subscribing for his paper, who traded him the old meat-ax by dressing it up and blacking it with pitch, and putting a new straight handle in it, for a year's subscription to the Public Ledger. This was the first newspaper I ever saw and read. I located the swamp where Morrisson's tan-yard was, now covered over with houses and a large machine-shop. Upon inquiring for the foreman, Wiggins, I was told he lived in the eastern border of the city, retired now, over four score years of age. In looking south of the Court House grounds and jail, the only house recognized was the brick house that John Smith built, the first one on Whitewater. In passing to Pearl street corners, was shown the corner where Morrisson's store was in a pretty respectable frame dwelling and store-room; now a three-story brick in its stead, and a grocery store on the first floor. In the basement I found my cotemporary, young Outland, now three-score years of age, a professional barber. On the opposite corner where the first tavern was in Richmond, now a large brick corner with gilt letters high up on the walls, "Richmond National Bank." I was told that Morrisson's name appeared there many years, but not now; each of the two other corners had similar three stories, one a large meat shop, and opposite, a drugstore. Where the first whisky-shop was when I was a boy, and the place to get good Monongahela, is now a large depot for hams. Here at these corners ended my acquaintance with the village of Richmond. It was the edge of town, or nearly so. Jeremiah Cox's farm extended to the corner where one Kibbey had a tavern. My informant said he was the father of Judge Kibbey, now holding court.

In all the foregoing observations I saw no one that I knew when I was in the town, when a boy; all faces were strange, and the business they followed. I inquired of my guide in what part of this big town my sister lived. He said she now resided in what was call the new addition, south-east, on Ninth street. I desired to be shown there, which was readily done. In passing east on Main street he pointed out a few corners where now was the business blocks all built up, and all kinds of trade and merchandise exhibited. At the corner where is a fine modern brick, labeled "First National Bank," and a splendid drug store, &c., I was informed that about forty years ago Charles W. Starr, who bought Cox's farm only a few years previously erected an ordinary brick building on that corner, but said, hard times coming on between 1840 and '45, "To Let" was on the doors of that corner a long time. On the opposite corner was a large business room with large letters, "Reed & Son's--hardware," where I was told, about forty years ago a two-story brick house stood, and subsequently additions were made for a plow factory, but at a more

recent date became the property of Irvin Reed, who came to Richmond when he was a young man. Across on the opposite corner was a large massive building, with large letters painted, "Huntington House." There again my guide said formerly stood a small frame wagon shop, and some years later a brick shop was built and a wagon and carriage manufactory was carried on some years, when the building was converted into a public house. A few years after it became the property of the present owner, Oran Huntington, who kept a hotel for some years, making at sundry times valuable additions, making it the most extensive hotel in Richmond, and now kept by George Davidson, who knows just how to keep a hotel. Across on the other corner was noticed where a splendid three-story brick house stood. My informant said that not long ago a two-story frame wagon and carriage shop was on the corner, but owing to the rapid growing of the town, such work-shops had to be removed to give place to more showy and aristocratic business houses, now owned by Vaughan & Bros., wholesale and retail dealers in paints, oils, hardware, &c. I was informed that this street received the name of Franklin many years ago. It was laid off and lots were sold by C.W. Starr, and a few houses built on it; perhaps but one of the original buildings can be seen on that street at this date.

Passing east to the corner on the south-west, where was seen a fine building, three stories, with various imposing letters of business, the lower story two large business rooms, one dry goods and the other a fine book store. I was informed that this building was erected about ten years ago by the Odd Fellows where they have their lodges, in the third story. My guide said he could give me a little history of that corner. We sat down and I listened. He said forty-five years ago there stood on that lot, a little back from the street, or rather road, a blacksmith's shop. That little building was some distance out of town, there being but one other little brick house further east on the road, and it stood near where yon three-story building is where you see "Telegram Office," and other signs. I was informed that about the year 1829, late in the fall, a country blacksmith on one of the streams of White-water purchased that corner lot with a little brick house and a frame blacksmith shop that stood directly on the road and sidewalk, for three hundred and fifty dollars. He said he could relate to me many little incidents while his family lived at that corner, but learning that these sketches are to be condensed to a small sized pamphlet, will refer only to one or two: I used to pump wind for that country blacksmith, and one day a squad of men gathered on the opposite corner where the Second National Bank building is, an auctioneer being among them, to sell that corner lot to the highest bidder. I recollect it was "knocked off" at one hundred dollars, but learned afterwards that Starr had to take it back, the man thought it was too much to pay. That lot remained vacant many years. The year my father came and settled on this corner a carpenter, a new comer who had the little brick out on the road, had a contract to build a frame two-story house on a lot between Franklin and Fifth streets, north side. He agreed to find all the material and do the whole work for three hundred and twenty-five dollars. He used to go from his house to his work on a run, he appeared so industrious. The man who employed the carpenter was a neighbor to us in the country, and had a good farm and some money, and was an old batchelor. It was said the old miser got his house built for about what the material cost, the carpenter not making a quarter of a dollar a day with all his running. Over on the opposite corner one Patrick Justice had, the year we come, erected a large building, a frame, and had a tavern. Patrick was a good, clever neighbor,

also his good wife, Katie, but Pat would keep a bar and sell whisky, and made money at it. I will relate a little incident: Pretty soon after Patrick had his tavern, and before he had much custom, the well-known separation took place among the Friends at Whitewater, here as well as elsewhere. That branch of them that had to build a new meeting-house, rented the second story of Patrick's tavern to hold their religious and other meetings in till they could erect a meeting-house. Our family had only to go across the road to the tavern to meeting. I had never before seen so many broad beaver hats and black silk bonnets packed together in so small a compass. I had some strange cogitations when sitting in that huddled up meeting, with a bar-room underneath and a Free Masons' lodge room in the cock-loft. Patrick seemed to have the presentiment that his corner would be in town some day, and caught the spirit of enterprise and erected a row of shed-roof one-story houses, fronting the road the width of his lot, and had tenants in them at about a dollar and a half a month each. This was considered quite an acquisition to Richmond, so much so that a new comer wrote back to Maryland to his friends what great improvements were going on in Richmond.

On the opposite corner from this tavern was a vacant lot; but soon after or before we came to town, a Friend that lived in the vicinity had a son whom he had brought up in the way he wanted him to go, bought this corner-lot, paying about one hundred and fifty dollars for it, and helped his son to build a cheap frame house on it. Taking a wife immediately, he commenced house-keeping there. He soon after erected a small, one-story frame, immediately on the corner, as a shoemaker shop, but subsequently he too became inspired with speculation, then rife with some, and traded his lot with proprietor Starr for several lots off the road north, in his commons, when Starr erected on that corner a commodious brick house, and planned it for a public house, where afterwards he resided, a few years, and kept it as a tavern or public entertainment. Since then the premises have passed through various hands, and with much addition and remodeling. Now it is known as the "Tremont House."

My attending guide, who had been posting me up on all the corners then in Richmond, then proposed to conduct me to where my sister resided. He first informed me that she had lived about fifty years near this last described corner, but her husband, still a speculator in real estate, had recently purchased a number of vacant lots laid out on the land known as the Roberts farm. Fifty years the old man had lived there and carried eggs to town and sold them for two cents a dozen. My sister now lived on Ninth street, about the middle of the Roberts farm; but now the whole farm is sold and laid off in town lots, and mostly built upon. We passed on to Ninth street and turned a little South of now Main street, my guide pointing to a new modern brick building, on the west side of the street, said there was where she lived. We entered the enclosure, went to the front door and rang the bell, when the door was opened by my only sister. This occasion seemed to awaken me to a kind of second resurrection. In viewing her, many recollections seemed to loom up before my vision, that caused me take a retrospective view back to the days of our youth, when I went to sleep to get recuperated from the prostration brought on by disease or the doctor's medicine. Now she appears to be a pretty well preserved elderly lady, a little past her three score years. There my guide took leave of me, but said if I wanted to look over the city to notice some of the business now in the city he would be at my service.

I had not long been left to my own reflections when, noticing my sister to be elderly, who was my junior, I began to be conscious that I too must be elderly. In viewing my corporal body and physiognomy for the first time since awaking on the little homestead we occupied fifty years ago, I found I had some additional bone and sinew but no surplus of flesh, for which I felt grateful. My sister said, with a smile upon her face, go and look in yon mirror. In doing so, sure enough I found it was myself; instead of a beardless chin, I had a full crop of trimmed beard, tinged with gray hairs, was now a Nazarite, not allowing a razor in the hands of a tonsorial professor to come upon my face. I was surprised to notice that my full crop of head had no gray hairs. My sister then reminded me that our mother at our age had no gray hairs, but remarked that I looked pretty well, considering the many ups and downs in my pilgrimage since the honest old doctor tried to save my life with his strong medicine. At this moment her husband stepped in and I was introduced. I learned he was a few years the senior of his wife, reaching near his three score and ten, but seemed more than ordinarily an active business man. Viewing him under his broad-brimmed beaver, he reminded me of the first storekeeper and first proprietor of Richmond, that it would not be so easy to get the upperhand of him in driving a trade. Upon inquiring after their family, I learned they had three sons that grew to manhood, two married, and all fair business men.

One day while sitting at home musing how I should close these sketches, my faithful guide came in and wanted to know if I didn't want to visit the big manufacturing places in the city of Richmond, and other places of interest. I replied, I believed not; had already visited most of the business firms in the city, except those big overgrown ones, who, upon being interviewed, through their secretaries, found they had adopted other channels to reach their foreign customers than to advertise in a local work. They seemed to be independent and wealthy, and some of the members of the different firms, if we are allowed to judge by appearance, are a little aristocratic; living in twenty thousand dollar mansions, with fine carriages and match horses, livery, &c. I shook the dust from my feet and came away. Some of these establishments employ from two to three hundred hands, at the lowest living prices, and have from one to two acres of roofs. Coffin manufacturing is an extensive business in Richmond; probably there are at the hour of these sketches going to press, a casket for every man, woman and child in the city limits, made at the two establishments; but they export largely to a number of South-western and Western States. The school-desk manufactory is also an extensive business, exporting them to many States in the Union. A thousand or more men are yearly kept at work in these most formidable manufacturing establishments in Richmond. Of later years disposition is manifested to consolidate into stock companies, chartered; most of the largest manufacturing establishments are such in Richmond, having in their companies a President, Treasurer, and Secretary, and likewise Trustees, &c., some of whom are silent partners. Capitalists deem it to their interest to invest their money in well-conducted manufacturing companies, as a more sure road to wealth, than to the precarious business of merchandise. From the many that have engaged in the latter in Richmond, in the past forty years, a large per cent of them have failed in the business.

In referring to the sworn assessments of real estate and personal property within the city limits of Richmond of the present year, 1875, to be seven millions one hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars; add the above to the assessed value

of real and personal in Wayne township, which foots up near nine million dollars, nearly half the assessed value of Wayne county; fifty years ago, perhaps two hundred thousand dollars would have been the assessment of the whole county.

The writer of the above has real estate to sell, and knows whereof he affirms.

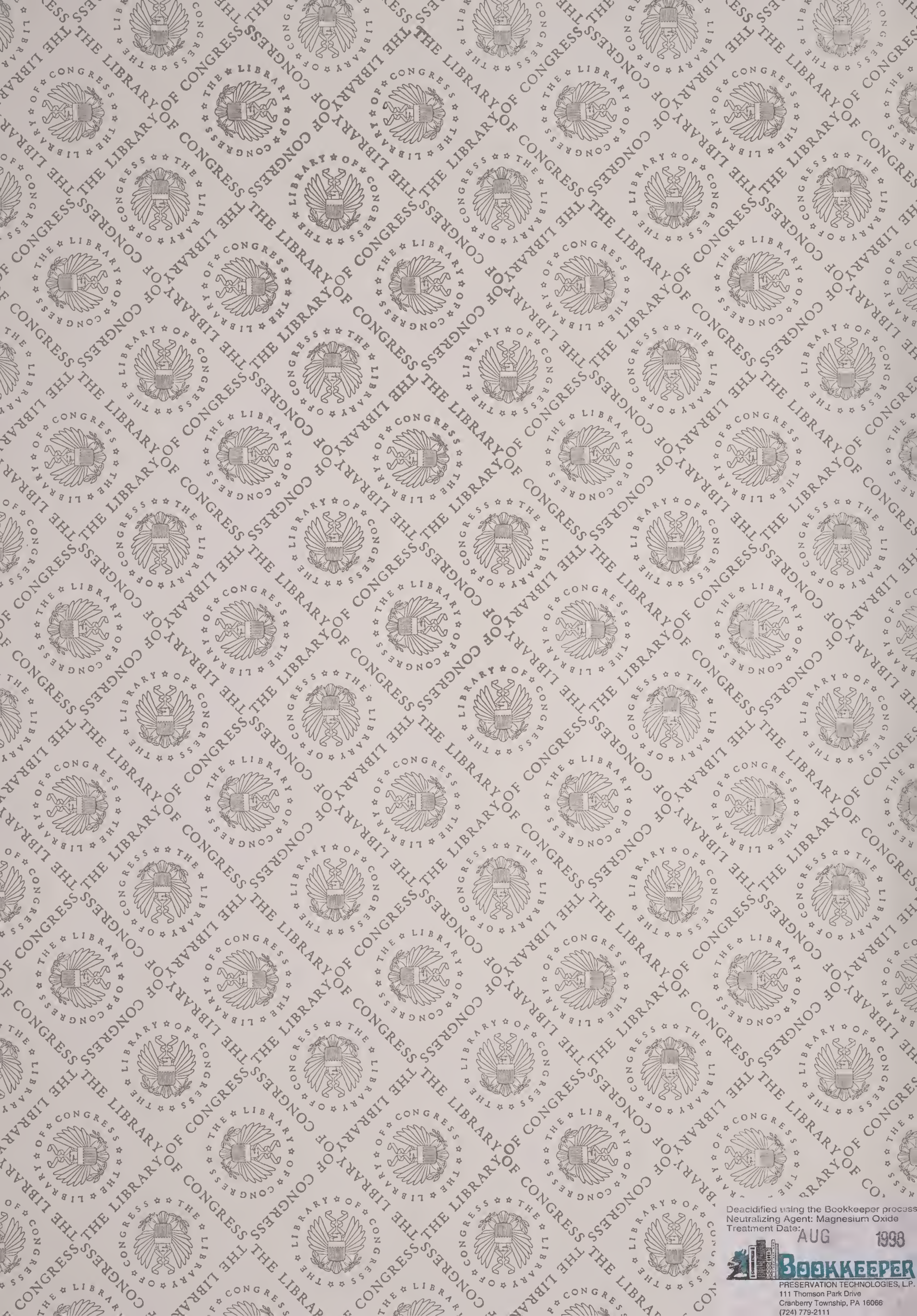
We have only space here to briefly allude to the Log Cabin on the outside cover of these Annals. The original was taken from one that the illustrious and lamented Lincoln once lived in, and the engraving was done by a young Hoosier boy of Wayne county. May he be a star of first magnitude in the art. But long ago these rude domicils have disappeared, and spacious mansions reared on the spot where they once stood.

For the want of space in these Annals, I ask the indulgence of correspondents and contributors, especially that of "Aunt Betsey's Letters;" also, Biographical Sketches of cotemporary early settlers and of their business, and other miscellaneous matter, &c. They will appear as a supplement in a future Log Cabin Magazine. See prospectus.

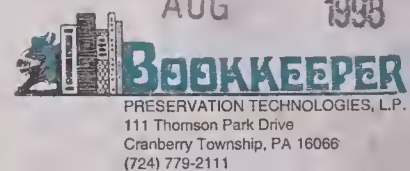
Yours truly,

A Native.

Richmond, Ind., June 10, 1875.



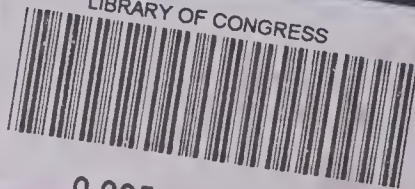
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